

Sports Illustrated



MARCH 28, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

NEW FACES OF '77

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Son Bump
Makes the Majors**

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



EL SEÑOR PAT PUTNAM EN EL MORRO CON LA INFLUENZA

Auckland airport with a pilot and a small plane. I jumped in, we flew to Rotorua and within an hour I had caught a big rainbow trout. That took care of the jet lag. We fished all day, me still in my travel clothes."

Of the minus side of all this journeying, perhaps the less said the better, but at least the staff has gleaned a smattering of travel tips that seem worth passing along.

If you are in an airport and must make a reservation for a future flight, skip the line and go to a phone booth and call. On arrival, head for the car-rental desk before you pick up your luggage. You'll beat the mob and probably still get to the luggage pickup ahead of your bags. If you have a bad back, rent a Ford Granada or a Mercury Monarch with the bench, not the bucket, seats, and for the plane, take along a steel-mesh folding seat. In the hotel or motel, order breakfast from room service when you get up. By the time you shower and dress, it will have arrived—coffee shops take too long. If traveling with golf clubs, get a golf traveling bag and an outer cover and wrap the heads of the clubs in a towel. Don't include a lot of new balls; they may mysteriously disappear in transit.

More metaphysically, Jones advises that "the toughest part about travel is the culture shock inherent in getting back home. You have to kind of bend your knees mentally, as you would landing from a parachute jump. Otherwise you'll end up with a flattened psyche." This truth seems implicit in J. D. Reed's final bit of advice. "Always buy a return ticket so you will not be tempted to go AWOL."

Sack Meyer

"I think it was flu this time," says Associate Editor Pat Putnam of the ailment that struck while he was covering the Foreman-Young fight in Puerto Rico last week (page 22). "What saved me was Foreman's doctor, Keith West. He gave me a shot and looked in a couple of times.

"I think all the traveling caught up with me. In 53 days this year I've been twice to L.A. and Miami, once to El Paso and Birmingham. Hot climates. I came out of L.A. and went to Chicago, where the wind-chill factor made it -55°, and then to Puerto Rico. My body never knows what time it is."

There is little room left on the map of the U.S. on Putnam's office wall for the pushpins with which he has indicated his other domestic destinations, and he is by no means the most traveled member of our staff.

Of course, the life does have its rewards. Putnam is fond of Puerto Rico's black-bean soup and El Morro Castle. Jerry Kirshenbaum and J. D. Reed think well of Boston and Montreal, because, as J.D. explains, the former "has a good ethnic soul and is not made of plastic. It is the Leningrad of the U.S." A trip to the latter, he says, "is like having another continent fewer than 90 minutes from New York."

Bob Jones still cherishes his finest arrival, in New Zealand, where "Photographer George Silk was waiting at the

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BOOKTALK

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

MOUNT MCKINLEY ON CROSS-COUNTRY SKIS AND OTHER HIGH OLD TALES

As the season sinks slowly in the East (it never really rose in the West this year), along comes a publisher with a book about skiing. The timing is just about right. Once their gear is stowed back down in the basement, skiers can turn to reading again, in this case a delightful book about the oldtimers and old days of cross-country. Erling Strom, now 80, tells of these times in *Pioneers on Skis* (Smith Clove Press, Central Valley, N.Y., \$9.50).

Strom's lively tales range from his youth in Norway (where he was sent on errands on skis without poles, poles being considered dangerous for children under 12) to life in Stowe, Vt., where he organized the first cross-country derby down the Toll Road from Mount Mansfield.

Strom came to the U.S. in 1919 at the age of 21, cowboied in Arizona and introduced cross-country skiing to Colorado. With a friend, Lars Haugen, Strom skied the 110 miles from Estes Park to Steamboat Springs, and their skis attracted crowds wherever they went. In 1928 Strom started a long love affair with Mount Assiniboite, the 11,870-foot "Matterhorn of Canada," when he organized the first ski trip to the mountain from Banff. 34 miles and two mountain passes away. No-body in Banff thought the trek possible. Later he led seven men on a 250-mile skiing hike between Jasper, Alberta and the Columbia ice-fields on the Continental Divide.

The most gripping part of the book deals with Strom's ascent of Mount McKinley, the 20,270-foot Alaskan peak, which he and three other pioneers—Alfred Lindley, Harry Lusk and Grant Pearson—undertook in 1932, for the most part on skis. The enormity of the task is well conveyed—the 10 days it took to cross the Muldrow Glacier, the 6,000 to 7,000 steps that had to be cut into Karsten's Ridge. Strom's party not only climbed the higher South Peak, but also the North Peak, becoming the first to conquer both in one ascent. "Nothing in the world is as satisfying as reaching the top of a mountain," he writes, "and the laughter the trip the better the feeling. No other job can be so definitely completed. One can do no more."

Strom had hoped that the McKinley adventure would give a boost to cross-country skiing, but it was not to be. Almost 40 years elapsed before many Americans began to appreciate the sport. Reading about the pioneering days in his book, one is reminded again that cross-country skiing makes it possible for us to travel far off the trodden paths. **END**



"Santa Claus is a Winnebago dealer in Sacramento."

Hank and Peggy Tavener, Sparks, Nevada.

"We thought our Christmas vacation trip was ruined," Hank recalls, "when we found a serious water leak on our '73 Winnebago Indian. But a dealer in Sacramento, California saved our holiday."

"It was Friday afternoon, so he put two men on our repair job. They worked hard, stayed overtime and had us back on the road in five hours. Maybe that dealer wasn't Santa Claus, but my family thinks so. Service like his is one big reason we recently bought our third Winnebago."

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FORD DIVISION



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

VEECK AS IN BROKE?

Reports from Chicago indicate that Bill Veeck and the White Sox may be in fairly deep trouble. Before Veeck and his syndicate bought the club in December of 1975, the Sox were on the verge of moving to Seattle. Veeck's purchase saved the team for Chicago, but, if you recall the maneuvering before the sale was consummated, he and his partners stretched themselves financially in buying the Sox. They were then blindsided by the astonishing surge in salaries brought on by the free-agent draft. The White Sox were not at all competitive in going after free agents, and they have had trouble signing players they do have. Veeck invoked the renewal clause with several players who refused to sign, which automatically extends their contracts for one more season at a 20% reduction in salary (this could save the Sox nearly half a million dollars this year, no small amount when you consider the club's net loss in 1976 was \$667,100), but after that they become free agents. To further, the Sox reportedly have shied away from possibly advantageous trades that would have brought high-salaried players to Chicago. In sum, the team seems badly undercapitalized, and rumors that it will move—possibly to Washington, D.C.—have revived.

"I don't know where these stories get started," Veeck said last week. "I presume it's because our bidding for free agents was not comparable to that of some other teams. But I felt it was simply unwise to spend that kind of money on those players. Cleveland gave Wayne Garland \$300,000 out front, plus \$200,000 for 10 years. I wouldn't gamble like that on anybody. We haven't signed all our players, and that creates the impression that we haven't got any money. We have money. The real reason we haven't signed everybody is that we try not to spend it foolishly. I think we'll do better with our theory in the long run. What we are trying to do is stay in business, which means conserving."

Asked about the possibility of losing those players who have decided to play out their options, Veeck says, "They're mine this year. I'll worry about next year when it comes."

CATCH A WAVE?

Sidewalk surfers riding the crest of the skateboard craze may soon find themselves off the streets and onto the tracks. There are already more than 100 skateboard parks in the U.S., and a company called Skateboard Parks of America hopes to build more "skateboard race-tracks" where daredevils can challenge built-in pipelines, bowls, channels and rills. Safety will be a key factor—gloves, helmets, knee pads and elbow pads, available for a small rental fee, must be worn. Revised your own board.

REVISED VERSION

Fans browsing through the program during the opening round of the Eastern College Athletic Conference basketball championships in Syracuse, N.Y., were startled to read that "St. Bonaventure University was founded 750 years ago by St. Francis of Assisi." But Tom McElroy, public-relations director for the Bonnies, was delighted. He gleefully points out that the ECAC program note makes St. Bonaventure the oldest university in the country. "Before Harvard," he says, "before the Pilgrims, before Columbus, there was St. Bonaventure, out in the wilds of western New York."

McElroy concedes that some people continue to believe that the school was founded in 1856 by a group of Franciscan friars, 630 years after the death of St. Francis, founder of their order. To these doubters McElroy says, read the program. Would the ECAC lie?

ROOTS

Maury Wills' son Bump (page 24) is only one of several youngsters coming up in baseball whose fathers played in the major leagues. Dale Berra, Yogi's 20-year-old, was in the Pittsburgh Pirates' train-

ing camp this spring—"I'll play Dale nine innings against the Yankees and see who Yogi (now a Yankee coach) roots for," said Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner—but will spend another summer in the minors. Tim Murtaugh, whose father Danny was the Pirate manager, manages the Pirate farm in Columbus, Ohio. Another Pittsburgh farm hand is Pitcher Rick Peterson, whose father Hardy caught for the Pirates in the '50s.

Eddie Ford, 23-year-old son of Whitey, scored the game-winning run for the Red Sox in a spring exhibition win over the Yanks, his father's alma mater. Ford, a shortstop, is slated to play this year for Boston's Triple-A farm at Pawtucket in the International League. Ken Boyer's son Dave, 21, is an infielder in the Cardinals' farm system, while Hank Sauer's son Henry John, 24, is an outfielder on a California Angel farm club. Two other



promising youngsters, neither a son of a former major-leaguer, bear famous major league names. Willie Mays (Ack Ack) Aikens, California Angel prospect, will likely play for Salt Lake City this summer. Ted Williams' May of Cleveland, Tenn., was drafted in January by the Chicago White Sox.

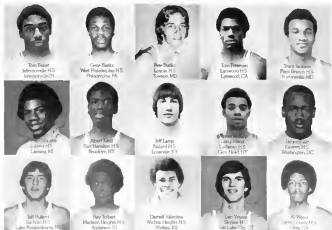
LAP LAPSE

In thoroughbred racing the situation is called a walkover. All the entrants but one have failed to show up, and in order

continued

"They're the Ones."

Meet the McDonald's All-American High School Basketball Team.



And presenting the rest of the McDonald's All-American Squad.

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Phil Barnes
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Russell Brown
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Wes Matthews
Drake Morris
Dawn Morrison
Chuck O'Neal
Larry Petty
Ed Phillips
George Radovich
Steve Riley
Cliff Robinson
Ed Salinas
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Willie Sims
Wilbert Singleton
Kevin Smith
Mark Stroud
Kelly Trupica
Rich Westcott
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Kevin Williams
Marcus Williams
Sam Williams
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Hendrix HS
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Candlemont HS
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John Marshall HS
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Sunter SC
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Pocatello ID
Bloomfield NJ
Jersey City NJ
Columbus OH
Nevada MO
Hampton VA
Los Angeles, CA
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McDonald's is honored to present this outstanding group of high school seniors. They are the best sixty high school basketball players in the country and were chosen by a selection committee comprised of the eight NHS/ACA 1976 district high school coaches of the year and an advisory committee of leading basketball authorities. The committees have chosen them for their skill, persistence and dedication to the game.

On March 31st, fifteen of these young men will be playing in one of the most exciting games of their careers at the McDonald's Capital Classic in Washington, D.C. All proceeds from the game will be donated to the National Children's Hospital Medical Center in Washington.

After the big game, some of these McDonald's High School All-Americans will be going to play in The Albert Schweitzer Games in Germany. In addition, many of these All-Americans can be seen April 30th playing in the McDonald's Derby Classic in Louisville.

The McDonald's® High School All-American Selection Committee

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Classic

The McDonald's All-American team is living proof that Doctor Naasmith's game of a ball and two peach baskets certainly has come a long way. Congratulations to each of the All-Americans.



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so make the race official all the "winner" has to do is walk the course and cross the finish line. The Old Town, Maine high school girls' track team found itself in a walkover recently, when neither Hamden Academy nor Bucksport High was able to field a team for the 640-yard relay during a meet in Castine. All the Old Town Indians had to do was jog around the track to pick up five easy points. But officials spotted a passing-lane violation and the Indians were disqualified. Even winning the meet, eventually, wasn't enough to save face.

MONEY PLAYERS

In the face of predictions of impending economic doom in various sports, *The Wall Street Journal* points out that the presence of a major sports team has an impressive upbeat economic effect. Citing the Pittsburgh Pirates, the WSJ says that team pumped more than \$21 million into the Pittsburgh metropolitan area last year. Says the *Journal*, "A survey shows that direct results, or the Pirates' own local spending, totaled \$5.7 million. Induced effects, or spending by fans, visiting teams and supporting personnel, were \$8.3 million. Indirect effects, such as spending at the wholesale level to support direct and induced retail activity, came to \$7.5 million."

As an example of induced spending—that is, not at or in the ball park—the survey found that nearly 16% of those people on their way to a game stopped someplace and spent an average of \$4 each. After a game 28% spent an average of \$5.77 each at one stop or other.

Obviously, if attendance falls off, spending sags. Because winning teams usually draw bigger crowds than losing ones, *The Wall Street Journal* findings could provide inspiration for stirring locker-room speeches by managers and coaches. "Come on, guys," they could cry. "Let's go out there and win one for the economic well-being of the entire metropolitan area!"

WORKOUT

Spring training means getting into shape, which inspires the following tribute to exercise by William Shakespeare, as told to Edward F. Murphy:

"How look I . . . ?" *Cymbeline*.

"Put on some other shape." *Richard III*.

"Changed to a worse shape thou canst not be." *Henry VI, Part One*.

"I am the fellow with the great belly . . ." *Henry IV, Part Two*.

" . . . do not bid me remember mine end." *Henry IV, Part Two*.

"You ruinous butt . . ." *Troilus and Cressida*.

"Hark, how hard he fetches breath." *Henry IV, Part One*.

"Lay aside life-harming heaviness." *Richard II*.

"The pound of flesh which I demand . . . is dearly bought." *The Merchant of Venice*.

"So long as nature will bear up this exercise, so long I daily vow to use it." *The Winter's Tale*.

"I will gain nothing." *Hamlet*.

"I'll do me good to walk." *Othello*.

" . . . sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along." *Henry IV, Part One*.

"Beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, like bubbles." *Henry IV, Part One*.

"You should run a certain course." *King Lear*.

"Come, stretch thy chest . . ." *Troilus and Cressida*.

"Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood . . ." *Henry V*.

"Say, are you not stronger than you were?" *Henry VIII*.

"Never man so changed." *King Lear*.

"I am transformed . . . both in mind and in my shape." *The Comedy of Errors*.

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength." *Measure for Measure*.

MONTEAGUE AND CAPULET

Speaking of Shakespeare, Larry Snyder, the leading jockey at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs, Ark., regularly rides one of the track's top handicap horses, named Romeo. He was hoping that the owner of one of the top fillies in the U.S. would bring her to run at Oaklawn. "She's a front-runner and mine is a come-from-behind horse," Snyder says. "I can imagine the call in the stretch of the \$100,000 Oaklawn Handicap. 'It's My Juliet in front by two lengths, and here comes Romeo.'"

OOOOOOH

The San Francisco Giants were the worst draw in the major leagues last season, and their performance on the field was generally dismal. This season's prospects don't look much better, but the Giants do have one distinction: Mayor George Moscone of San Francisco broadcasts

their ball games. Well, he broadcast one ball game. All right, all right. Two and a half innings of one exhibition game.

The mayor, who had been an outstanding athlete in high school and college, popped over to Phoenix a couple of weekends ago to watch the Giants work out, and during a game between the Giants and the Chicago Cubs he was invited to sit in the broadcasting booth with announcer Lon Simmons. Once there, Moscone ended up doing the play-by-play for a few innings.

He wasn't bad, either, although Simmons had fun chiding him from time to time. Shaky at first, the mayor warmed to the task and soon was using such glib phrases as "that evens out the count" and "the score is even at zero." His big problem was lapsing into silence between pitches. During one such silence Simmons said, "George, you might sing or something between pitches. Or mention a lot of names. Maybe practice a speech." On one long foul ball, the only thing Moscone said was, "Ooooooh." Simmons said, "I'm afraid 'Ooooooh' just won't do it, George."

On the other hand, Moscone once kept talking straight through a station break. He also admitted, "Hey, it's hard to tell balls and strikes from up here." Simmons agreed but said with tongue in cheek that he had a special arrangement with the umpires, the man behind the plate raising his right arm to signal Lon if a pitch was a strike, not raising it if the pitch was a ball. Simmons also advised the mayor, who is having political problems in San Francisco (one opponent wants him to submit to a recall election), to be gentle in his comments on the umpires, because "One of them may move to San Francisco and become a voter."

THEY SAID IT

• Walter O'Malley, Los Angeles Dodgers owner, invited to a luncheon where he would meet some millionaires: "If I want to meet millionaires, I don't have to go anywhere. I just have to look up my own players."

• Roger Staubach, Dallas Cowboy quarterback, accepting the Columbus (Ohio) Touchdown Club's Player of the Year award: "I don't know what to say. I'm waiting for Coach Landry to send somebody in with a statement."

• Pat Toomay, Tampa Bay Buccaneer end, asked what his memories were of the Bucs' 0-14 first season: "Dien." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 28, 1977

OFF AND RUNNING



TOWARD ATLANTA



Nevada-Las Vegas is Omnisbound, racing into the NCAA final round with North Carolina, Marquette and surprising N.C.-Charlotte, the survivors of the seismic regionals

by Barry McDermott

Amid the raw and wild mountains of Utah, in an atmosphere that fairly dripped with virtue, the NCAA college basketball tournament came into focus last weekend. The University of North Carolina-Charlotte joined Jimmy Carter as an entry up from nowhere, Marquette kept Al McGuire around for a few more laughs and Dean Smith's North Carolinians continued to perform brilliantly in bandages. But no team will go to the finals at the Omni in Atlanta this week with a better chance to win than the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. This is especially true since Michigan, UCLA and Kentucky, the nation's top three teams in the rankings, were all ambushed along the way.

The Runnin' Rebels thoroughly dominated the West regional at Provo with their bizarre, inexorable attack that strips away an opponent's veneer. Their style features a frenetic, clawing defense, a slew of jump shots from beyond the horizon and liberal doses of hot, buttered soul—a combination that destroyed Idaho State 107-90 in the finals on Saturday. That victory, coupled with an 88-83 win over Utah in the semifinals Thursday, and its first-round San Francisco earthquake, raised Vegas' tournament scoring average to 105 points a game and silenced critics who claimed Coach Jerry Tarkanian could not diagram the big ones. But just as certain as there was one big winner, so also was there a big loser at Provo. When Idaho State upset UCLA 76-75 Thursday night, it moved out of the ranks of potato pancakes, sending the Bruins back to Los Angeles with their reputation askew. More, it was the end of an era, the first time in 28 games and 11 years that UCLA had lost in the West regional.

The Bruins literally begged to be taken. They snubbed Marques Johnson, who had 19 points in the first half but took only four shots in the second, firing away without conscience and playing defense as if afraid to sully their hands. With less than two minutes remaining, the team from Paramount Pictures trailed 71-63 as the potato farmers stood shoulder to shoulder in the Marriott Center and chanted,

continued

There they go, fans, the Runnin' Rebels, showing Idaho State their fast break, this version led by Robert Smith

"Idaho State, Idaho State." UCLA cheerleaders and song girls dabbed at mascara and network television officials scratched their heads as the legend crumbled like old plaster.

Even so the Bruins almost came back, forcing three turnovers and making five of their last six shots, and though Idaho State sank 11 of 12 free throws down the stretch, the Bengals were eying the clock like a reeling fighter, with Coach Jim Killingsworth all but splashing water in his ball handlers' faces. But when the buzzer sounded, UCLA, no longer regal, was just another team that won't play for its coach. Gene Barrow deserves better than pettiness. "They came in fat-headed," said Idaho reserve Center Stan Klos, who corrected critics who had called his team a bunch of mutes. "We've got a personality. It's shy." Meanwhile, Killingsworth was enjoying his overnight celebrity. "It's the first time we've ever beaten anybody this good," he said, "because it's the first time we've played anybody this good." For those who could not place Pocatello, the school's home, Keller said, "We're below Canada and above Utah." And he kidded that his team was so obscure that its Provo mo-

tel made it pay in advance. The Bengals were excited about appearing on live television for the first time, but they continued to eat meals at a local Roy Rogers drive-in, while the Bruins made a big ruckus at the motel one night because they thought their steaks had too much fat on them.

Tarkanian's instincts told him that Las Vegas would have trouble with Idaho State. Killingsworth teaches basketball by the book, and the Bengals have a 7-foot center, Steve Hayes, who, Tarkanian pointed out, "never misses," and who scored 27 points against UCLA. Also, Idaho State had the crowd behind it and its feet already measured for Cinderella slippers. "We be in trouble," said Las Vegas Center Lew Brown outside the UCLA dressing room Thursday night. "I ain't talking trash. They be sky high. If we're not on our P's and Q's, we be in trouble."

Las Vegas was concerned about playing in the high altitude of Provo, and as it happened, against Utah the Rebels had needed their delay game in the final minutes to certify victory. "The altitude makes us play like five slow white guys," mourned Tarkanian. Killingsworth noted

that Idaho State had outrebounded UCLA 35-18 in the second half and estimated that it takes six weeks to adjust to the 4,549-foot altitude's oxygen debt. Tarkanian ordered a tank of oxygen for the bench, even though it would have no practical effect. "Maybe it will make our guys feel better," he said.

Late in the first half Saturday, Idaho State had a 48-41 lead, Las Vegas was in foul trouble and its shots were not dropping. But the Rebels came back to trail 51-50 at the half.

Following the intermission, Las Vegas went to work, hammering Idaho State with hustling defense and rattling in a series of outside jumpers from Sam Smith and Eddie Owens. Suddenly, on 56½ second-half shooting, the lead was six points, then 10, then 15. The dream was over in Pocatello.

For Las Vegas, a team that has won 57 games in the last two years, the dream goes on. The Rebels think they can win the NCAA. In the movie *The Gambler*, James Caan explains a run of good luck thusly, "I've got magic powers." Rebel Reggie Theus, paraphrasing Caan and heralding the team's destiny, said, "I smell it in the air."

With friends and foes alike admiring his style, Marquette's Lee demonstrates the driving layup.



EXTRA WEEK OF ROOM SERVICE FOR AL MCGUIRE

by Joe Jaret

The real star of the Midwest regional in Oklahoma City was Marquette's Al McGuire, who added to his impressive record for drawing technical fouls in the NCAA tournament and to his stature as a coach. McGuire, 48, who is retiring after 20 seasons of directing "guys in short pants," also blasted the NCAA in a long and loud St. Patrick's Day tirade, rode a borrowed motorcycle through the Oklahoma countryside and, not incidentally, guided his team to victories over Kansas State (67-66) and Wake Forest (82-68). For one more week referees would have Al McGuire to kick around, or vice versa.

Of course, there were Marquette lu-

minaries on court, too, most notably Guard Butch Lee, a member of last year's Puerto Rican Olympic team. Lee's ball handling and accurate jump shots won him the regional outstanding player award and were the key factors, along with the Warriors' usual stingy defense, in getting Marquette to the final four.

The first game of the regional was the best. Kansas State, short but quick and well coached by Jack Hartman, went in with an 11-game winning streak and led at the half 36-28. The Wildcats were still ahead by eight with a bit more than 11 minutes left in the game when Referee Frank Buckiewicz hit McGuire with a technical. McGuire had put his hand to his throat and yelled something about choking, and Buckiewicz assumed the comment was meant for him. Al pleaded that he was merely telling his own players that K-State was tightening up. Buckiewicz refused to hear his plea, and the Wildcats made two free throws to lead by 10.

It appeared that McGuire had harmed his team once again, just as he had by drawing technicals in the '74 and '76 tournaments. But it didn't turn out that way this time. Marquette, either stirred up by the fuss or making a run it would have made anyway, or both, outscored Kansas State 17-4 in the next few minutes, took the lead and managed to hang on for the one-point win.

Afterward McGuire unleashed his Irish temper and flayed the NCAA: "I coach exactly the same no matter where I am, and every time I come to the NCAA they end up calling technicals on me. Now it's absolutely wrong and I'm not a crybaby. I've been quiet for the last 10 years.... Now there's too much smoke in back rooms or too much whispering or too much something going on.... To call a technical foul at that time of a game is a mortal sin!"

That off his chest, McGuire was relatively serene during the regional final against Wake Forest, which had eliminated Southern Illinois 86-80 despite a marvelous second-half shooting exhibition by SIU's Mike Glenn. But again, despite Lee's soft, arcing jumper, Marquette was behind at halftime 35-31, and again it seemed that McGuire was coaching his last game. He had left his hotel that morning thinking, "Well, that's perhaps the last suite in my life. No more two bathrooms."

McGuire insists that he knows nothing

about X's and O's, that he leaves such mundane work to his assistants. Sure enough, his second assistant, Rick Mayerus, suggested that in the second half they use a hybrid defense called the "triangle and two." Guards Jim Boylan and Lee would attach themselves like leeches to Wake Forest stars Jerry Schellenberg and Skip Brown, but the other three Warriors would deploy in a triangle-shaped zone around the key. That and an excellent job by sixth man Bernard Toome made the difference, Marquette winning by 14.

Wake Forest Coach Carl Tacy was full of praise for the 6' 9" sophomore Toome: "He's a tremendous athlete. The work he did inside was as good as I've seen a man his size do this season."

It was obvious that the Warriors had a special motivation for winning. "No one has expressed it openly," said Boylan, "but it would be nice for Coach McGuire to end up his career with an NCAA title." Added Lee, "It would be a great way for him to go out."

So McGuire's coaching career was extended to at least one more game, one more trip, one more hotel suite. The doings in Atlanta are sure to be more fun with Al around.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS PASSES FOUR CORNERS

by Kent Hannon

The manner in which North Carolina disposed of Kentucky 79-72 at the East regional in College Park, Md. may have set back the cause of run-and-gun basketball as many as 50 years. With only five minutes gone in the second half, Coach Dean Smith sent his Tar Heels into their celebrated four-corners offense, gambling that a slowdown would protect a dwindling 59-53 Carolina lead and help compensate for the absence of two injured starters, Phil Ford and Tommy LaGarde. Goodbye, shooting gallery. Hello, foul-shooting contest.

"A month ago I didn't know if we could beat a team as strong as Kentucky, even with Ford and LaGarde,"



N.C.'s Kuester drops the final nail into Kentucky

said Smith. "But that's the beauty of the four corners." For some, the four corners is just a game of tag with a ball thrown in to keep it legit—a walking advertisement for the 30-second clock. Certainly for Kentucky, a rough-and-tumble outfit with serious designs on the national championship, it was particularly humiliating having to chase Ford's running mate, the tournament's outstanding player, John Kuester, all over Cole Field House in a vain attempt to catch up.

But call Smith's move a gamble, despite his past success with college basketball's version of the prevent defense. LaGarde was hobbling around the arena on crutches with torn cartilage in his knee. Forward Walter Davis was playing with three screws in the broken index finger of his shooting hand. Finally, as capable as Kuester is of delivering in the clutch, he is not Phil Ford.

At least he wasn't until Saturday afternoon, when Ford was forced out of play because of foul trouble and an aching right elbow—a souvenir of a last-minute collision during Thursday night's dramatic 79-77 win over Notre Dame. Ford

continued

had won that game by bouncing up off the floor to sink the decisive free throws—his 28th and 29th points of the night—with two seconds to play, Carolina having come back from 14 points down. But when Kuester cranked up the four corners against Kentucky, Ford was holding an ice pack to his sore elbow, destined to score only two points.

The last 15 frantic minutes of keep-away produced results that surprised even Smith, three wide-open layups right off the bat, 14 free-throw attempts (every one a swisher), three Wildcats out of the game on fouls and only three turnovers. Kuester ended up with 19 points, sank 13 of 14 free throws and, more important, did not make a ball-handling error. Davis got 21 points by dodging in and around Kentucky's huge front line for short jumpers. And Forward Mike O'Koren, the best freshman in the country of late, scored 14 points and pulled down a game-high seven rebounds.

This was not the earliest Smith had ever elected to go to the four corners. Once, against a powerful Duke team, he went into it almost from the opening tap, eventually losing 21-20. Even so, he nearly tarried too long against Kentucky.

The Wildcats had reached the finals by disposing of VMI 93-78, undeterred by Ron Carter's magical moves and a stream of 12 unanswered VMI points early in the game. Trailing Carolina 53-41 at halftime, Kentucky had come out smoking with Forward Jack Givens scoring 18 of his game-high 26 points in the second half.

"Kentucky had that fire-in-the-eyes look," said Smith. "I don't know what it is about the ACC that makes people want to beat us so bad. But I saw that same look against Purdue in the first round. And Notre Dame's Toby Knight started both halves with a dunk."

Still, the Kentucky-North Carolina final had all the elements of a friendly feud. No Wildcat player or coach was screaming for anti-four corners legislation in the loser's locker room afterward. The most antagonistic remarks came from the Cats' baby-faced Forward Rick Robey, who termed the whole thing "aggravating."

That sums up the four corners, all right. And it may be the wave of the future. If North Carolina goes ahead of Las Vegas 2-0 at the start of their semifinal game, you may see it right then.

YOU'LL NEVER HUSH HUSH CHARLOTTE NOW

by William F. Reed

Moments after that other North Carolina school, the unheralded one from Charlotte, had made a mockery of Michigan's No. 1 ranking, 49er Coach Lee Rose strode across the Rupp Arena court. A baby-faced man with prematurely gray hair, Rose grabbed a microphone from play-by-play announcer John Kilgo of station WAYS in Charlotte.

"We made it, baby," rasped Rose. "We beat the No. 1 team in the country. Now ain't that something?"

Ain't it indeed. All season the 49ers had played in the obscurity of something called the Sun Belt Conference, in the shadow of their famous neighbors from Chapel Hill, and at the bottom of the weekly wire-service ratings. Every time

Rose tried to tell somebody that his team was legitimate or that star Center Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell was "the best player, pound for pound, in the country," the press yawned and checked the radio for the latest ACC results. Hush, hush, sweet Charlotte.

But Rose had finally found some respect in the Midwest regional in Lexington, Ky. In a field that included sassy Syracuse, dynamic Detroit and marvelous Michigan, Charlotte was what the folks in horse-race country call a long shot.

So, of course, Charlotte came out Thursday night and simply squeezed the juice out of what was regarded as a fine Syracuse team. Charlotte came at them with a suffocating 2-3 zone and a 6' 8" center (Maxwell) who can bring the ball up court against pressure. The 49ers led 38-22 at halftime and when it was over, Cornbread had 19 points and Charlotte an 81-59 victory.

After watching Michigan outlast Detroit 86-81 in a big-city rumble, Rose hustled back to his hotel to plot strategy

with his assistant coaches. Midway through the session, someone outside Rose's room tumbled down the stairs with a loud clatter "Lord," said Rose, closing his eyes, "don't let that be Cornbread." It wasn't—just a clumsy drunk—so Rose turned his attention back to Michigan. Convinced that the Wolverines' outside shooting was shaky, at best, he concocted a defense in which his perimeter men played zone and 6' 7" sophomore Kevin King played Michigan's talented center, Phil Hubbard, man-to-man inside. To stop Michigan, reasoned Rose, you had to stop Hubbard. In the war against Detroit, Hubbard had 22 points, 26 rebounds and was the key to Michigan's devastating fast break.





As the game ends with Michigan untruffled, Charlotte's bench charges onto the court to exult with the first string, most notably Cornbread Maxwell (33)

On Saturday Rose's strategy worked perfectly in the first half. The 49ers shut off Hubbard inside—he had only two points and three rebounds at halftime—and Michigan couldn't penetrate Charlotte's zone. Late in the half a 6' 4" freshman named Chad Kinch roared down the baseline and exploded over Hubbard for an amazing dunk. Fouled on the play, Kinch hit the free throw to give Charlotte a 40-27 lead at intermission. Michigan, aroused, began to show its class in the second half. Sparked by speedy Rickey Green, the Wolverines played their man-to-man like maniacs and began to find Hubbard inside. With 12:11 to go, Green fed Hubbard to give Michigan a 49-48 lead—and Charlotte

seemed in imminent danger of returning to wherever it is that teams like Charlotte spring from.

Instead, Charlotte showed more poise than its celebrated opponent. The 49ers switched to a spread offense and got four straight layups for a 58-55 lead. Then Steve Grote and Tom Staton, who were trying to take the ball away from Maxwell, fouled out. With 1:45 to go Charlotte had a 73-65 lead and suddenly everyone in Rupp Arena realized that Michigan was dead. The remaining moments were a free-throw contest that had no winner. The final score was Charlotte 75, Michigan 68, Experts 0.

As the game ended, Maxwell, who had 25 points and 13 rebounds, stretched out

prone on the floor while delirious 49er fans danced around him. "I wanted the moment to soak in instead of letting it seep away," he said later.

In Atlanta the 49ers are bound to be fan favorites. How can that town resist an underdog Southern team with a star named Cornbread? If Charlotte survives the Al McGuire Show, it might get to play the Tar Heels in the NCAA (North Carolina Athletic Association) finals. That would present a problem for Barbara Missey. Her son, Lew, is a Charlotte star while her brother, Walter Davis, is a Tar Heel stalwart. What's a body to do if they happen to play? "Oh, Lordy," she said, rolling her eyes, "I don't even want to think about it."

END



'JEEMY YOUNG! JEEMY YOUNG! JEEMY YOUNG!'

The crowd roared for the underdog who outfought George Foreman and traumatized the heavyweight boxing scene **by Pat Putnam**

In Joseph Conrad's novel *Victory*, the old man advises his son Heyst, "Look! Do not pounce." Jimmy Young must have heard that line somewhere, for it is the sum of what he is about as a fighter. He is the sharpest-eyed looker in the ring in decades; if he were a foot soldier, he would live forever. But even a watch-and-wait fighter like Young has to pounce, has to become offensive at some point, and that he finally did last week in the sapping mugginess of Roberto Clemente Coliseum in San Juan, Puerto Rico, pulling off an astonishing upset

against George Foreman and sending a shock wave through boxing and, indeed, the whole world of sports.

Without doubt, Young's unanimous 12-round decision over Foreman is a cannon shot right into the belly of the heavyweight division, leaving money and back-room politics and well-made plans coozing out all over the place. The decision shuffles Foreman back into the comeback thicket, which he had been merrily hacking his way through, and leaves him \$5 million poorer, that being the estimated swag he was demanding for his rematch

with Muhammad Ali. It also puts peaceable and disarming Jimmy Young on the verge of becoming a million-dollar fighter. The underdogs of the world are ecstatic.

The surprise of Young's form reversal, his sudden presence, has left much of boxing numb. The wise men stare at each other, as if they have peeked behind the psychic curtain and have been given answers to questions like: Is it possible to see the future? Can we contact the dead? Do dreams come true? To that last question, Young must now qualify as an authority. "For weeks," he said, "I would be sleeping and dreaming and scheming how to beat George Foreman. Combinations. Combinations. Combinations. That's all I kept saying in my sleep. And then I'd wake up cold and sweating. Dreams do become alive. It ain't no dream anymore, is it? It's a fact."

In the hospital bed to which he was taken after the fight, where he rested the next day like one of those lions he so admires and alludes to, Foreman preferred that Young's "fact" would quietly go away, along with another harsh reality: his own abysmal dearth of stamina and craft. In Zaire, Ali had exposed Foreman for what Ali said he was—a magnificent pussy. The hope was that he had learned, that the several parts of that awesome body would finally click into a unified machine. His victories over Joe Frazier misled so many, especially his last one. Look how he's shortened up his punches, his admirers went on. Sure, but how else are you going to hit a guy who's trying to pull out your wisdom teeth? Fra-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN UGONDO

In the seventh round Foreman had Young reeling but couldn't finish him off and soon ran out of gas



zier aside, the sad truth was that Foreman never did learn how to punch when he had to pursue somebody.

Pursuit takes time, patience, instinct and a sure sense of one's own body. Foreman is aware of none of this and that, along with his quirky, traitorous metabolism, did him in—with much help from Jimmy Young. To his undeniable credit, Young explored the great bulk of Foreman like a cartographer, his glass up to his eye, going over an old and valuable map. This is Young's forte; he discerns, he probes, he seldom pounces. What else does he have to offer? Can he counter-punch with cruelty? If he can, then Floyd Patterson had an iron jaw. Are his combinations wicked and discouraging? Forget it. Does he have the hand speed of a Patterson, or even a Jerry Quarry at his best? Never. To get to the heart of the matter, would you pay \$150 or \$100 for a ringside ticket to see him work? Yes... with somebody else's money.

By any standards, Young does not qualify as a first-rate heavyweight. So how did he beat Foreman, that most fearsome of heavyweights? Young was 16 pounds lighter, an inch shorter, a fighter who had not improved much from year to year. "What I see in Jimmy," said Foreman before the fight, "is a guy trying to initiate a lot of other people. It means he has no growth [George should have looked in a mirror]. Jimmy Young two years ago is Jimmy Young today. No better." Where was Young's edge, then? His trump was his style.

"The key to any victory is to outthink the other man," Young had warned. "Whether it's in combat, shooting craps or playing chess. And there's no heavyweight alive I can't outthink. No matter how strong a man is—and a lot are stronger than me—well, I always say there isn't a horse that can't be broken or a man who can't be thrown." He paused to let the thought sink in, then his clean, unmarked face wrinkled in glee at the thought of Foreman being thrown.

Before a crowd of 8,000 and a TV audience that produced a whopping 36 rating, Young set out to do the obvious. Knowing that Foreman had never gone more than 10 rounds in his career (and only twice since 1970 had gone as many as 10), and having seen Big George exhausted and arm weary so often after three, four, five rounds, Young began to use him up, making those big, heavy arms work against empty space. For the first

six rounds Young walked from side to side, bent down, lounged on the ropes and held, as Foreman clumsily stomped after him, trying to put his feet and hands together. Young was like a man taking a stroll.

When Foreman did get close to Young, he tried to manhandle him. He pushed, laced, elbowed, hit on the break and once, in a clinch, almost broke Young's left arm. From the start, Young, it seemed, was going to make points for himself from George's bad habits. He was the little man in against a beast; psychologically that should mean something with the crowd and officials. It did. The crowd began to chant, "Jeemy Young! Jeemy Young! Jeemy Young!" and kept it up throughout the fight.

Until the seventh round it had been a horrendously dull fight. Then Foreman pawed Young high on the head with a ponderous left hook, sending Jimmy reeling and running for his life with well over two minutes left in the round. For a moment, he appeared to be looking for a place to lie down. Foreman furiously pursued Young, who was trying to clear his head on the ropes.

"I held on out of desperation," says Young. "Right there, it was do or die. He hits heavy, man. But George goes crazy when he thinks he has you. He leaves a lot of openings."

Now Young pounced for the first time.

countering and eventually forcing the tiring Foreman to back off. The preeminent survivor survived, moving briskly back to his corner at the bell with his hands raised in triumph. After that round, sensing the gathering softness in Foreman, that he had had it, Young became more aggressive. The heat did the rest. And in the 12th, as Foreman missed with a wild right hand, Young countered with an overhand right, catching him on the side of his head, turning him around and dropping him. He was up at the count of one. Afterwards, vomiting and wanting to know where he was, Foreman was taken to the hospital and treated for dehydration. Promoter Don King should have gone with him. It was as if Young had dropped an anvil on his head.

King had put in a lot of his time with Foreman, making him wealthy—if not much wiser—as he pointed him toward the showdown with Ali. All of that was gone for the moment. Where to go now? Ali vs. Young would hardly be as attractive as Ali vs. Foreman. Who would put up big, big money for that fight? And besides, artistically their styles do not promise a dramatic confrontation.

"I told George," says King, "that if Jimmy Young beat him, he'd get a return shot."

He paused a moment and said, "But I must go where the wild goose goes."

The goose now is Jimmy Young. **END**

Young dropped a wobbly Foreman in the last round, catching him with a right hand to the head



As the Texas Rangers went through their pre-exhibition-game infield drill one afternoon last week, a group of players and sportswriters gathered around Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog while he scrutinized the opposition's new kid at second base. It is a baseball ritual to give rookies a good hard look, and the last couple of springs several deserved every glance they got. Two years ago Jim Rice and Fred Lynn carried Boston to a pennant, and last season Mark (The Bird) Fidrych of Detroit filled stadiums all around the country as he blithely pitched his way to a 19-9 record and the league's ERA title.

This year's crop of newcomers seems likely to continue the trend of exceptional talent entering the majors. At Baltimore, Infielder Rich Dauer (.336 last season in Triple A) and Pitcher Dennis Martinez (14-8) will try to revive a once-mighty club depleted by free-agent defections. In San Diego, where owner Ray Kroc is attempting to buy a contender, the all-new double-play combination of Bill Altman, an Ivy Leaguer from Brown, and Mike Champion hails from an unusual source, the Padre farm system. The Tigers think they have two rookies who can soar like The Bird in Outfielder Steve Kemp (.386 in the International League) and Pitcher Dave Rozema (12-4), while Pittsburgh has handed the center-field job to speedy

BUMPER CROP OF BOYS FROM THE FARM

Baseball, it seems, is about to enjoy its third straight rich harvest of rookies, and Texas may reap the biggest prize in switch-hitting Second Baseman Bump Wills

by Peter Gammons



To make room for Omar Moreno's speed and arm in center, Pittsburgh has traded Richie Zisk and shifted Al Oliver to left



In '76, Texas' Pat Putnam was the first since Johnny Vander Meer to be Minor League Player of the Year while in Class A ball. He hit .361 with 142 RBIs

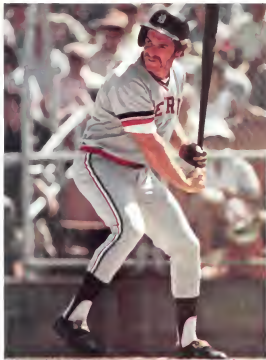
Left field in Tiger Stadium now belongs to Steve Kemp, who broke Fred Lynn's records at USC, then hit .380 in Triple A

Omar Moreno, who batted .315 at Charleston before hitting .270 in a trial with the Pirates in '76. Atlanta will also have a rookie regular. Catcher Dale Murphy, whose rifle arm is already being compared to Johnny Bench's.

Despite the strong credentials of these and other rookies, the new kid who has attracted the most attention this spring is the one Herzog, the players and the writers watched so intently at Pompano Beach, Fla. His name is Elliott (Bump) Wills, and while he may not turn out to be the best rookie in the talented class of '77, he is certainly under the most pressure. First, he is the son of a famous father, Maury Wills. Then there was Bump's brief holdout at the start of spring training. Nowadays that tactic is almost standard procedure for veterans, but it remains a no-no for rookies. And Wills is stepping into a vital position on the Rangers, a team with a good shot at the American League West title. "Wills had better be able to do the job," Herzog said, watching him turn a snappy double play. "Or . . ." Herzog shrugged and turned away.

Last season Texas was a contender in

continued



The Padres' Mike Champion and Bill Almon are a rarity—an all-rookie double play combination for a team with pennant hopes



Atlanta's tall (6'4") Catcher Dale Murphy is talented down to his finger tips. He throws out would-be stealers with ease and also is a mean hand with a piano



Jack Clark, who batted .323 last season down on the Phoenix farm, replaces the traded Bobby Murcer in right for the Giants

With Bobby Grich departed, Rich Dauer, '76 International League batting champion (.336), has arrived in the Orioles' infield



ROOKIES continued

June, a has-been in July. It lost 59 of 90 games during its long slump, and there is no debate about the main reason for that nose dive. The infield was awful. So this winter Toby Harrah was moved from short to third, Bert Campaneris, a free agent late of Oakland, was signed to play short; and Wills, with two outstanding minor league seasons behind him, was handed the job at second.

"I'm not going to make anyone forget Maury Wills," says the 24-year-old Bump. "We're simply different kinds of players." Not blessed with his father's base-running talents, Bump is stockier and a stronger hitter. But the younger Wills has one significant family trait: like his father, he is an expert switch hitter. "Seldom do you see kids bat equally well from both sides," says Texas Manager Frank Lucchesi. Wills does, and it helped him hit .307 and .324 at Pinfield and Sacramento. Last season he also had 26 homers and 95 RBIs. However, he stole only 25 bases in the minors.

Maury sometimes took Bump with him to watch the Dodgers play during the 1960's. "I'd say, 'Wow, there's Moose Skowron,'" Bump recalls. "and my father would say, 'What about me?' I'd shake my head and say, 'You're just my dad.'" But it was not until Bump was at Arizona State that Maury began working with him on the nuances of the game. After his senior season, when a broken ankle drove major league offers down to almost nothing, Bump decided to play on a Mexican team managed by his father. "One time I got a little lazy on a double-play pivot and let my arm drop down," Bump says. "When I got back to the dugout, he grabbed me by the shirt, shook me and bellowed, 'Don't ever do that again.' He'd never do that to any other player. He was just harder on me because I am his son."

"I realize I have a lot of pressure on me," adds Wills, who did little to reduce it by holding out for a \$120,000, three-year contract before agreeing to play one season at the minimum \$19,000 salary. "Sure, everyone wants to see what Maury Wills' kid looks like. But that'll die down and five years from now I hope I'll be Bump Wills, period."

"Just being a rookie is pressure enough. Who knows? I haven't played a major league game yet. It'll be months before anyone will be able to make any valid judgment on me." But for now, at least, he's looking good.



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Because of the way he coils himself in front of the net, goaltender Gary Simmons of the Los Angeles Kings is known as the Cobra. Accordingly, Simmons has a cobra painted on his mask and another tattooed on his right calf. He also wears Stetson hats, Indian bracelets and a belt fashioned from the skin of a diamondback rattlesnake that he claims he killed with his bare hands in Arizona last summer. "I guess cobras are quicker than rattlers," he says.

When Dave Dryden played goal for the Buffalo Sabres, he insisted on living in his native Toronto, 100 miles distant. For road games against the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dryden drove to Buffalo, boarded the team bus and returned to Toronto. After each game he rode the Sabres' bus back to Buffalo, got into his

the most harrowing in any business. "It's 60 minutes of hell," says Chico Resch of the New York Islanders.

What makes it hellish, first of all, is that goalies routinely have to fling themselves in front of frozen pucks traveling in excess of 100 mph. Beyond the physical danger is the responsibility of being the last line of defense, where a mistake is often critical and usually highly visible. "You're afraid of getting hurt, but you're even more afraid of being humiliated," says Resch. "What terrifies me is that we might outplay the other team but that I'll let in a couple of easy goals that cost us the game."

The strain of their job affects goalies in various ways. In Resch's case, he becomes slightly manic before games. Driving to one home game, he got so carried

REINCARNATION AND 13 PAIRS OF SOCKS

Pity the hockey goalies cowering in the nets. To soothe their jangling nerves they subscribe to outlandish beliefs and perform bizarre rituals

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

cur and drove home to Toronto. Dryden played more recently for the Edmonton Oilers, a WHA team 1,700 miles from Toronto. To everyone's immense relief, he lived in Edmonton.

It has been the longtime practice of Minnesota North Star Goaltender Gary Smith to undress between periods, laboriously removing his 30 pounds of gear, then putting it all back on again. The reason for this ordeal, Smith once explained, was that his skate boots stretched and he had to remove his equipment to tighten them. And indeed, Smith's boots stretched so much that he had to wear as many as 13 pairs of socks at a time. This season Smith has found boots that keep their shape, and he now wears only one pair of socks. No matter. He still undresses between periods.

Ah, the goaltender! Howard Hughes is gone, but as long as hockey clubs find people willing to mind the nets, eccentricities will remain in the public eye. Playing goal, after all, is somewhat bizarre by its very nature, a job that is one of the loneliest in team sports and one of

away by a song on the radio—Santana's *Black Magic Woman*—that he began banging on the knees of his wife Diane, who had to plead with him to stop. That night he caught himself singing the song aloud in the nets as he shut out Buffalo 3-0. Though Resch credits *Black Magic Woman* for getting "the blood flowing," he is properly remorseful about pounding his wife's knees. "I think I'd be a more relaxed person if I weren't a goaltender," he says.

Resch has been spared some of the agonies that afflict other goalies, including nervous breakdowns, nervous stomachs and nervous tics. It is the stuff of legend that Montreal's Wilf Cude, who quit in the early 1940s, did so after throwing a steak at his wife, which persuaded him he was cracking under the pressure. It is also duly chronicled that during his 16-year, 906-game career, Glenn Hall threw up in the dressing room before each game and between periods. When Boston's Jim Petrie made his NHL debut recently he vomited before and during the game, which Boston won 5-3. Then Petrie got



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

sick again. Finally he faced the reporters, a pale figure trying to light a cigarette with trembling hands. To get the ball rolling, a writer asked, "How do you feel?"

Ask goalies why they willingly subject themselves to such agonies and they concede—and the wording seldom varies—that, "You've got to be crazy to be a goalender." And the position does attract certain susceptible types: the fat kid unable to skate, the younger brother too small to protest, the masochist willing to stand in goal in sub-zero temperatures while others are darting around the rink. Philadelphia Flyer Coach Fred Shero remembers that he was agast when his son Rejean announced that he wanted to become a goalie. "I had to do something," Shero says, "so I told him the equipment was too expensive." Four-

teen-year-old Rejean Shero now plays center on a kids' team, and his father takes pleasure in the fact that somebody else's boy plays goal.

To cope with the pressures, today's goalies resort to almost anything that might conceivably sharpen the senses or soothe the nerves. Transcendental meditation? Atlanta's Daniel Bouchedat meditates regularly to relieve pregame jitters. Resch pays twice-weekly visits to an optometrist for eye-performance exercises that, he insists, help him see the puck better. "Most people use only 35% of their visual potential," the Islander goalie says. "The eye muscles can be strengthened like any other muscles." The New York Rangers' Gilles Gratton, who once streaked around the ice when he was playing for the WHA's Toronto Toros, finds comfort in his belief in reincarna-

tion. Earlier this season he claimed that in Biblical days he stoned people to death, and now he was being repaid with a plague of pucks.

"I was kidding when I said that," Gratton admits, "but I do think the universe is balanced, and that good and bad are paid back in your later lives." While Gratton was with the Toros he dealt with the here and now by feigning injury to steal breathers during games. When concerned teammates gathered around their fallen goalie, Gratton signaled he was all right by whispering the code words "poisson mort [dead fish]."

Because goals are scored on deflections, screens and jam-ups at the goal mouth just as often as on well-executed plays, it is easy for goalies to conclude that goals are a result of uncontrollable forces, like floods and earthquakes. Ac-

continued

cordingly, they have all sorts of lucky suits, lucky hats and lucky foods to fend off disaster. The Indianapolis Racers' Andy Brown even has a lucky fan, a middle-aged woman who once fed him lucky cookies and sprigs of heather. Brown could also use a few rabbits' feet and four-leaf clovers: he is the only goalie who still plays without a mask.

The lengths to which goalies will go to ward off the evil eye was demonstrated by Vancouver's 38-year-old Cesare Maniago before a home game against the Washington Capitals two weeks ago. Searching his closet for something to wear, Maniago carefully avoided the handsome blue suit he wore the night Boston bombed him 8-1 a few weeks earlier and settled, instead, on a green sport coat and matching slacks, an ensemble he considered luckier than his blue suit. He left so early for the arena that he was the first Canuck to arrive, assuring him of his lucky parking place. In the locker

room Maniago was careful to put his lucky sock, the one with two holes, on his left foot, the same foot on which he wore it during his previous start. He had played well in that game, when Maniago plays poorly, he tries to change his fortune by putting the lucky sock on the other foot.

Following these preparations, the thoroughly charmed Maniago performed well in a 5-2 Vancouver win. "I guess having superstitions eases the mind," he says. "You kind of figure if you've done everything exactly right beforehand, nothing much can go wrong when you're on the ice."

Other goalies go through similar pregame rituals. For Philadelphia's Gary Innes, these begin the night before a game, when he unfailingly takes in a movie followed by a chocolate sundae at Howard Johnson's. Buffalo's Gerry Desjardins always takes the same route to the rink—and did so even when the city's

blizzards made it prudent to try other ways of getting there. In the locker room, Winnipeg's Joe Daley begins putting on socks, leg pads and pants exactly 30 minutes before warmups, then waits precisely 15 more minutes before putting on anything else. Preceding every game, Toronto's Wayne Thomas wraps his stick with tape; the tape must be from a brand-new roll and it must be black.

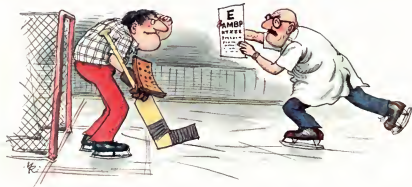
Many goalies need a pregame perk-upper, which is why Los Angeles' Rogge Vachon always takes a whiff of smelling salts and pops a stick of gum into his mouth before leaving the dressing room. His backup man, Simmons, gets a lift when he slams his glove on the top of the door, leaving a dent—the mark of the Cobra?—in every rink in the league. Washington's Bernie Wolfe will not step onto the ice until a stick boy wallops him invigoratingly on the back with a stick. And Toronto's Mike Palmateer gobbles popcorn before he leaves the Maple Leafs' dressing room.

This sort of thing continues on the ice. As his teammates whiz by to wish him luck at the end of warmups, a ritual in itself, Toronto's Thomas recites their names aloud, taking pains not to miss anybody. "When they come by three at a time, it's a test of concentration," he says. After the opening face-off, Boston's Gerry Cheevers likes to bump a rival player—"just to get me into the game." At the end of a period, Atlanta's Bouchard often makes a mad dash to the exit. Superstition? Everybody assumes as much, but Bouchard says he just wants to work up a good sweat going into the dressing room.

The ranks of the ritual-bound also include Montreal's Ken Dryden, who has the NHL's best goals-against average for the second straight year. Dryden is a lawyer, an ex-member of Nader's Raiders and an utterly level-headed fellow who would never think of commating between Toronto and Buffalo, as his brother Dave used to do. Nevertheless, Dryden takes pains to avert his eyes when the referee makes his pregame inspection to see if the red goal lights are working. "I just consider it unlucky to see the red light before the game," Dryden says with a slightly apologetic air. "I know it's silly and I tell myself, 'Ken, you've got to get rid of this bloody superstition.'"

Goalender superstitions do change. For years Buffalo's Desjardins drank a





lucky pregame cup of coffee. He skipped it before one game this season and played well anyway. Goodbye, coffee. Like Maniagio with his lucky sock, Cleveland's Gilles Meloche makes a practice of changing his headband between periods—unless, that is, he had a hot hand the previous period. During the national anthems, Houston's Ron Grahame stands either at the blue line or in the crease, depending on how things have been going lately. And Quebec's Serge Aubry no longer has the blue suit that brought him luck when he was with Tulsa in the Central League. It seems Aubry decided that the luck had gone out of it, so he took the garment to a teammate's back lawn. Aubry and some other players danced around the suit, kicking and spitting on it. Then they poured gasoline on it and sent it up in flames.

Another source of eccentricity are the designs that many goalies now put on their masks. Besides Simmons' cobra, these include star bursts, rebel flags, team insignias and the snarling lion worn by the Rangers' Gratton, a Leo. Cheevers' mask is considered the acme of the art form. It is decorated with painted stitches depicting the real ones he might have required had he played unprotected. Cheevers began painting his mask in this ghoulish fashion in 1970 and the "stitches" now total 120.

A mask seems an apt symbol for the goaltender's lonely station in life. For years Philadelphia's Bernie Parent avoid-

ed prying eyes by scrupulously wearing his mask from the moment he left the Flyers' dressing room until the moment he returned. One night last month, though, Parent lifted his mask during a couple of breaks in the action at a game in Montreal. Afterward, he was asked about the departure. Parent stroked his beard, flashed a smile and said, "It's because I've gotten better-looking."

Ah, the goaltender! Is there not an unburdened, uncomplicated one in the bunch? Well, yes there is. His name is Pete LoPresti, a second-generation goalie (his dad, Sam, played briefly for the Chicago Black Hawks just before World War II) who shares Minnesota's nets with Gary Smith of 13-pairs-of-socks fame. A native of Eveleth, Minn., who at 22 is in his third year with the North Stars, LoPresti is a tough-minded sort, as he demonstrated when the Canadiens came to town in his rookie season, needing five goals to give them a total of 10,000 in their history. After Montreal shellacked Minnesota and LoPresti 7-2 a reporter said, "Do you feel bad about letting the Canadiens reach that milestone, Pete?"

"Why should I?" LoPresti replied. "They've scored more than 10,000 goals and I only gave up seven of them."

LoPresti has no superstitions and no quirks. When he walks the eight blocks from his apartment to the North Stars' Metropolitan Center, he takes the shortest route, not a lucky one. To the despair of his wife Terese, the only pre-

game food he wants is whatever he finds in the refrigerator; before a recent game he dined on a bologna sandwich and a glass of milk. Nor does LoPresti waste too much time bemoaning the goaltender's lot.

"In a sense a goalie's job is simple," he says. "It's to keep the puck out, noth-



ing more. A defenseman has to skate, stop two-on-one breaks and sometimes block shots. We're protected and they're not. Of course, a lot of goalies don't look at it that way." LoPresti allows a trace of mock anxiety to creep into his voice. "I see these other goalies with all their superstitions and illnesses and I wonder why I'm not that way. I mean, is there something wrong with me?"



WHERE THE WHALES PUT ON A WHALE OF A SHOW

The cobalt blue waters of Baja's Magdalena Bay are where the gray whales winter—big, barnacled mamas and their newborn 15-foot, half-ton offspring

by ROBERT F. JONES

In the winter of 1856, we were whaling about ... Magdalena Bay, where, in attacking sixteen whales, two boats were entirely destroyed, while the others were saved fifteen times; and out of eighteen men who officered and manned them, six were badly jarred, one had both legs broken, another three ribs fractured, and still another was so much injured internally that he was unable to perform duty during the rest of the voyage. All these serious casualties happened before a single whale was captured. ... And one of Captain L.'s felicitous amusements was in dilating upon the terrors of 'devil-fishing' ... 'We was chasing a cow and calf, and I charged my boat-steerer to be careful and not touch the young sucker, for if he did, the old whale would knock us into chopsticks, but no sooner said than done—slam went two irons into the critter, chock to the hitches, and that calf was "pow-mucky" in less than no time; and the boat-steerer sung out: "Cap'n, I've killed the calf, and the old cow is after us." Well, just about this time, I sung out to the men to pull for the shore as they loved their lives; and when that boat struck the beach, we scattered. I'll admit I never stopped to look round; but the boat-steerer yelled out: "Cap'n, the old whale is after us still," when I told all hands to climb trees!"

Thus, more than a century ago, Charles Melville Scammon, whaling skip-

per par excellence, described the pursuit of the California gray whale in his definitive non-fiction work of the 19th century, *The Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America. Together with an Account of the American Whale-Fishery*. For the thousands of whale enthusiasts who have begun to swarm into Baja California during the winter months, with eyes and cameras cocked for a closeup look at the California gray, Scammon's little scare story ought to be required reading.

This winter, in an estuary of Magdalena Bay, a 22-foot outboard containing a party of whale watchers approached a cow and calf. The waters of Mag Bay and environs are never what you might call gin clear, but rather a murky blue, so that when a whale sounds it is impossible to tell where it will reemerge. Suddenly the calf surfaced within six feet of the boat. A girl, caught up in some inner replay of *Songs of the Humpback Whale* and feeling in tune with whale-edom, leaped overboard—between the calf and the cow.

"It was touch and go," recalls Tim Means, a Baja-wise veteran of the whaling lagoons. "The cow, by rights, should have smashed that young lady into human sashimi and our boat into chopsticks. The flukes on her tail were a good 10 feet across. But the old lady was kind to us that day. She simply herded the calf away from any imagined danger and flirited her skirts at us. As it was, the whirlpool she whipped up with her fast turn darn near swamped the boat."

Means, 32, is the head of Baja Expeditions, Inc., a San Diego-based outfit that organizes natural-history excursions through the peninsula and the Sea of Cortez. The six-day whale-watching trips are new on his agenda. For \$495 per person, the groups of 15 are bused from San Diego to Tijuana, Mexico, then flown to La Paz. From there they are taken across the peninsula to the fishing village of Puerto Lopez Mateos and ensconced in a tented camp on a reach of sand dunes across the estuary from the port. Meals are taken aboard a 54-foot Mexican sardine boat, the *Alejandro*, and the chow—prepared by a maestro of tortillas and beans named Chaparrito—is excellent. The camp is run by another old Baja hand, Mac Shroyer, and his wife Mary, who hails from Hawaii and does everything barefoot.

Magdalena Bay is a harshly beautiful world of sand, sun, wind and water. The main bay measures 80 square miles in area, but with attendant estuaries it extends fully 150 miles along the sparsely populated Pacific coast of Baja. Some 600 miles south of the border, Magdalena is the southernmost of the three Baja lagoons to which the California grays migrate each winter for courting and calving. Scammon Lagoon, near the town of Guerrero Negro in the midriff region of Baja, is the northernmost, and since the paved "Frijole Freeway" came through four years ago, the most accessible. But government permits are required to put a motorboat into Scammon during the whale season, and the government dis-

continued

Gray whales hauled around the tourists' camp as the whales blew and "yipped" in their nursery

courages all but those whale watchers with proper scientific credentials from getting close to the cetaceans there. San Ignacio Lagoon, between Scammon and Magdalena, can be reached only by four-wheel-drive vehicles over an arduous 90-mile stretch of the Vizcaino Desert. For now, at least, Mag Bay is whale-watchers' heaven.

Flying up the bay from the south one recent morning, it was possible to count fully 150 whales rolling in the calm waters of the lagoon, most of them cows with calves at their sides. Mile-square rafts of waterfowl—black brant in the main—covered the mangrove-flanked shallows, and shore birds flew in white wreaths and plumes up and down the dunes. A colony of California sea lions basked along one stretch of Isla Santa Margarita, the big, broad-shouldered bulls charging and swatting at their frisky offspring. But it was the whales—borned, massive in their slow grace, snorting house-high cones of vapor—that dominated the nature show.

The whales began to show up in December, with the main body of the migration all present and accounted for by the beginning of the year. The cows, which are pregnant—they carry their young 13 months—stay in the nursery lagoon south of the Shroyers' camp. The mothers push their babies to the surface for their first breaths. It's quite a sight—a spreading swirl of blood in the blue water and then the baby blowing for the first time. Some baby? A newborn gray is about 15 feet long and weighs half a ton.

A nursing calf consumes 50 gallons of milk daily, and the milk is rich—40% butterfat, as opposed to 3.5% in dairy cows' milk. The females reach sexual maturity between five and 10, live to 30 or 40 and bear young every two or three years. A full-grown female may be as long as 48 feet and weigh 35 tons. Up to a quarter of this weight is blubber, not so much to keep the whales warm, as is commonly believed, but to store energy for use during the long winter fast off Baja and to streamline them. The grays spend the summer in the Arctic, from Siberia clear around to Point Barrow, Alaska, where each day they consume a ton or more of amphipods, little flea-like, bottom-dwelling crustaceans.

From what sort of animal did the whale evolve? Scientists are not sure, but

they believe from the mesonychid, a giant piglike creature that lived about 60 million years ago and slowly adapted to a marine environment to elude predators and to take advantage of a plentiful source of food. The size of a Kodiak bear, the mesonychid was low-slung, with a long snout and large triangular teeth. The baleen whales, of which the gray is one, probably evolved later from the toothed whales.

Unlike sperm whales, that have been known to dive to 3,700 feet, the grays do not go much below three hundred, because their food is most abundant in relatively shallow water. But even at those depths the pressure is considerable. To withstand that kind of crushing they have developed floating ribs and a spongelike mass of blood vessels called *xenia murabilla* that regulate blood pressure and act as a blood reservoir during rapid dives and ascents. With each breath they can exchange 80% of their air, while we normally exchange about 8%. This enables them to stay deep for an hour or more.

The old-time whalers of Scammon's day had a healthy respect for the California gray. Some called it the "hard-head," a nickname well justified when an enraged cow slammed a flimsy longboat with her brow. Their frequent dives to the bottom of the lagoon, after which they surface with dark ooze dripping from heads and lips, led the whalers to conclude they were feeding on shellfish, hence another nickname, "mussel digger." Actually, while in the lagoons of Baja, the California gray doesn't feed at all, at least, scientists haven't been able to confirm any feeding activity. "To our personal knowledge," wrote Scammon, "but little or no food has been found in the animal's stomach. We have examined several taken in the lagoons, and in them we found what the whalers called 'sedge' or 'sea moss,' which at certain seasons darkens the waters in extensive patches both in and about the mouths of the estuaries. Whether this was taken into the stomach as food some naturalists doubt, giving as a reason that the whale, passing through the water mixed with this vegetable matter, on opening its mouth would of necessity receive more or less of it, which would be swallowed. . . ."

Most of Scammon's fellow whalers couldn't have cared less what the whale ate. They were wholly concerned with

killing it as safely and expeditiously as possible. "The casualties . . . are nothing to be compared with the accidents that have been experienced by those engaged in taking the females in the lagoons," wrote Scammon. Yet, hunt them they did, savagely and ruthlessly, almost to the point of extinction. In 1938, when the forerunner of the International Whaling Commission banned hunting of the California gray, there were about 500 individuals extant. The herd now numbers 12,000.

The first afternoon of our stay at the Baja Expeditions camp, Means proposed that the party take off on a hunt of its own, but with curiosity rather than killing as the goal.

The boat, powered by a 40-horsepower outboard with a local boatman named Salvador at the helm, prowls the channel northward. From across the still lagoon come reports like distant shotgun blasts—whales blowing. Now and then a huge set of flukes swings into the sky and then sinks slowly into the water. Near the Boca de Soledad, about five miles north of camp, a congress of grays is in session, mainly cows and newborn calves. Occasionally one or another of them "spyhops," coming up out of the water headfirst as if on a freight elevator, until the huge eyes, eight feet all of the round nose, are clear of the water. Some of the spyhoppers turn slowly in a full circle before sinking back out of sight.

"Nobody's really sure why they do that," says Means. "Some scientists think it's just to have a look-see for possible danger or to locate other whales. Incidentally, no baleen whale has been shown to use echo location, though it is regularly used by the toothed whales, including dolphins. Scientists say that whales don't eat during migration, but I wonder if they aren't actually stirring the sand on the bottom in order to scare up clams or plankton. Often after a gray spyhops, it puts its head right down over the spot, flukes up, as if it's feeding."

A quarter-mile away and very close to shore a lone whale suddenly begins to breach, taking long, three-quarter-body-length leaps out of the water, splashing back with the crash of a falling redwood, then leaping again, 12 times in all. Means says they breach in order to shake loose the barnacles and whale lice that plague them from birth to death. Whatever

continued



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the cause, it is an awesome sight.

"Let's get up close to a couple of them," says Means. He rattles Spanish at Salvador, who in turn grins gleefully and opens the throttle. Mexicans seem to love to go fast. With Means standing foursquare in the bow to give hand signals, the boat skids up to a cove and calf cruising slowly along the dunes. Twenty yards away, 10, five—the vapor from the whales' blowholes drifts over the watchers. Some whales have bad breath.

The huge, gray-green shoulders of the cow gleam under the hard sun, her back spiked white with barnacles. A howl like that of an ocean-going tug precedes her. The calf holds close at her flank, fearless in mommy's massive company. The cow moves faster, opening the gap between herself and the boat. One suddenly sees what skill and strength it must have taken in the old whaling days—before catch boats and harpoon guns—to stroke alongside these creatures and slam a harpoon into them. Then the whales dive, flukes rising synchronously, with water pouring off as if from a waterfall. All that remains is a vast green whirlpool.

On the way back to camp the visitors unlimber their fishing tackle. Plugging the mangrove banks with orange, white or yellow lead heads, they hook grouper, cabrilla, corbina and flounder, but none of the outsized black snook reputed to thrive in Mag Bay. Dr. Henry F. Lenartz, an ophthalmologist from Los Altos, Calif., hasn't fished much since his boyhood in Wisconsin and frequently bangs his lures in the mangroves, but soon he finds the range and cranks in a 10-pound snowy grouper, largest fish of the day. "It's not a snook, but it'll eat just fine," he says. He gazes around at the bright water, the rolling whales in the distance, the wind working ghostly fingers over the sand dunes. "I'll tell you, it beats lens implants all hollow."

That night, around a fire of mesquite and cactus, with whisky chill in Sierra Club cups, the group listens to the hollow roar of the Pacific surf on the beach—half a mile west over the dunes. Coyotes sing to the surf and one another. Talk turns to banditos. Every member of the group had been asked by friends and neighbors before heading down to Baja. "Aren't you worried about the bandit problem?" What bandit problem? Over in the mainland state of Sinaloa,

where the heroin wars are raging, Americans have been robbed and murdered, but in recent years, except in the tourist towns near the border, only two American tourists, camped on a remote beach at the southern tip, have been killed in the Baja Peninsula. Two men evidently walked into their camp, had coffee with their victims, then shot them.

Mexican authorities are quick to point out that only money and credit cards were taken from the victims, while things like gasoline, camper batteries, tires and the like—which the bandits would certainly have preferred had they been Mexican—remained untouched. And the trucks of the killers, say the Mexicans, were made by American shoes, not Mexican. Anyone camping out anywhere in the national parks of the U.S., where 10 people were murdered last year, or on the roadsides of Europe, is taking a chance in this age of outlawry, but, statistically, Baja is one of the safest "wild" spots on earth. As the saying goes, "There are few murders in the Baja, no rapes, but plenty of shotgun weddings."

In five days of camping, fishing, goose hunting and whale watching at Magdalena Bay, the closest this group came to danger was getting stuck with the odd cactus thorn or suffering from a painful case of sunburn after a long day on the water. To be sure, Tim Means—an avid snake collector—made things spicy by keeping a sidewinder rattlesnake, bagged in a croker sack, around camp, playfully changing its location, unannounced, every now and then. But nobody could be sure there actually was a snake in the bag, and nobody seemed curious enough to peek in to find out.

Oh, yes. There was one brief, heart-stopping moment. Shortly before moonrise, after dinner aboard the *Altamero* (grouper broiled over mesquite coals, tortillas and beans), Means headed the outboard back across the waterway toward camp. Suddenly a huge black shape loomed not 10 feet ahead of the bow. A noise like that of a saluting cannon exploded over the engine roar. Vapor and whale breath blew over the boat's occupants. Means slammed into a hard left turn and cut the throttle.

The cow and her calf slipped noiselessly into the darkness. Dead silence for a long moment. Then, in the distance, the coyotes resumed their song.

END

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It is nearing noon on a wintry Wednesday as a glistening new Thunderbird cruises through the slums of North Philadelphia. A résumé on the seat beside the driver identifies him as Steven Earl Riddick, 25 years old, married, with a B.S. in psychology from Norfolk State College. The first name listed under "References" is "Governor Shapp, Pennsylvania." The most recent entries under "Accomplishments" are "1976—Olympic Team Gold Medalist 4x100 Relay" and "1975—Fastest Sprinter in the World." Were the subject to bring the résumé up to date he could, without undue boasting, add "1977—World's Fastest Human." Only once so far this year has anyone beaten Steve Riddick to a finish line.

On this particular morning, however, Riddick is running way behind schedule. He is late for a job interview. He needs a job. Such is the lot of a track star. The position available is that of a counselor in an "environmental center," a term used for institutions that house certain "socially deprived children." "If you're mean as hell or on drugs, you can't go to public school," explains Riddick in less euphemistic terms. Unfortunately, the address he has been given turns out to belong to an abandoned junkyard. While he tries to find the center, his eyes dart from broken glass to gutted tenement to vacant lot to stripped car. It is clear that Riddick does not feel at ease. "I think this job is too rough for me," he finally says.

Riddick has done part-time counseling, but in a better neighborhood. "I enjoy working with underprivileged people," he says. "They appreciate success more when they get it and they work harder to get it. Nine times out of 10 they don't abuse success. Only occasionally do you get a picklebrain."

Passing the junkyard for the third time, Riddick is beginning to suspect that a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERRELLI

FEELING FIT TO HURT A LOT OF FEELINGS

Having just streaked to 15 victories on the boards, Sprinter Steve Riddick is raring to dust his rivals outdoors

by JOE MARSHALL



picklebrain arranged the job interview. "I'm lost and I'm mad now," he says. Clearly he is lost, but the anger doesn't show. "Fortunately, I never had it this bad," he says, depressed by the bleak streets, "but I know about it. If you're black, you know about it. Half your friends live this way."

As he turns a corner, a pair of miniature green running spikes hanging from the rearview mirror sway. They are replicas of the lime green ones he races in. The T-bird is green, too. Riddick, in fact, is a meticulously coordinated vision in green—dark green blazer, light gray-green slacks and matching vest, green print tie and green handkerchief.

At last he finds the environmental center. It isn't far from the junkyard but its entrance is on a side street. Riddick



glances at his watch. "Oh, how I hate to be late," he mutters.

When you are chasing recognition as the World's Fastest Human, being late can indeed be tragic. "I consider myself the fastest man alive," says Riddick. "I have to believe that in order to compete at this level." During the winter indoor season Riddick won 15 of 16 sprints at distances from 50 yards to 60 meters. That lone loss—he finished fourth behind Don Quarrie, Ed Preston and Johnny Wilkins—came in his third meet of one exhausting weekend. It was also his 13th race of the year, and it fell on the 13th day of February. Perhaps more significantly, the race took place in Montreal, and it was in Montreal last July that Riddick suffered the bitterest disappoint-

ment of his running career, finishing fifth in a semifinal of the Olympic 100-meter dash when he turned his head five yards from the tape to see how the rest of the field was doing. The first four finishers qualified for the finals.

Ten days after that lone indoor loss, Riddick achieved a unique double under no less trying conditions. On Wednesday night he won the 60-meter dash in Milan, setting an Italian indoor record of 6.66. Two nights later he capped his U.S. indoor campaign with a victory in the 60-yard dash in the AAU national championships at Madison Square Garden. In that race he had moved from last to first with just five graceful strides late in the race and broke the tape with his right fist held high in exultation.

The raised fist has become a Riddick trademark. He says it is his way of expressing the frustration he has felt at not being recognized for his accomplishments. In large measure Riddick's 1977 indoor season can be viewed as one continuous race for acclaim. Despite his ranking as fastest sprinter in 1975—the result of running the fastest electronically timed 100 meters that year and the sixth fastest of all time, 10.05, in Zurich—and his brilliant anchor leg in the Olympic 4x100-meter relay last year, Riddick had not been invited to the first major indoor meet of the 1977 season, the Sun-blast Games in Los Angeles. He virtually forced meet promoter Al Franken into issuing an invitation, by winning a 60-yard dash in 5.9, just 1 off the world record, at Richmond, Va. the weekend be-

continued

fore the Sunkist. "We decided that was the first and it wasn't going to be the last," says Riddick's coach, Alex Woodley. At the Sunkist, Riddick won both the 50- and 60-yard dashes, beating Houston McTear in the shorter race and 100-meter Olympic gold medalist Haveli Crawford in the other. He hasn't been uninvited since.

"The significance of this indoor season," says Woodley, "is that Steve has projected himself. Now when you have a 100 outdoors, it won't be world class unless Steve is in it. The aficionados will say, 'Why no Riddick?' He's been emblazoned on their minds by winning all these meets. And now he won't be forgotten if he loses one or two races. He's built up a sort of insurance policy."

There are those, of course, who downplay Riddick's accomplishments. "Indoor track is bogus. You get outside and it's all forgotten," says Steve Williams, whom many recognize as the world's fastest sprinter. "Indoors is no indicator to outdoors. The distances are too short. If you add 10 yards on a 60, it changes the whole complexion of the race. Indoors you don't have a chance to see if an athlete has any polish. He can just blast from beginning to end without concentrating on form or technique. You can't do that in the 100."

Still, Williams concedes that the indoor season may have helped build Riddick's confidence after the disappointment at Montreal. The two are close friends, traveling together to many of the

meets in Europe during the summer. "We can go out and party together because we're tall people," says Williams, who, like Riddick, is 6' 3½". "Most sprinters are short and they have ego problems, the same as most short people."

As Williams suspected, Riddick is facing the outdoor season, which opens next month, brimming with confidence. "The indoor races aren't normally for me," says Riddick. "They are little more than a start and I don't really have any start at all. But still I'm winning. That's why I think I'm going to be awesome this summer. I'm going to hurt a lot of feelings."

The job interview completed, Riddick heads into the suburbs north of Philadelphia for the Abington High North Campus where Woodley teaches ninth-grade English. He has promised to submit to a question and answer session in one of his coach's classes. The students will then write papers on their impressions of the sprinter.

During the drive his thoughts turn to his own school days in Hampton, Va. where his father is a Church of Christ minister. "I didn't take up track until I was a junior in high school," he says, "and then only after I quit the football and the basketball teams. I'm not going to say I was a little rowdy, but... well..." At first he was a long jumper and a high jumper. One day after practice he challenged the team's top sprinter to a race and beat him. Suddenly Steve Riddick was a dash man. In his first meet he ran 10.3 for 100 yards. He was running 10-flat by the end of that year and 9.8 his senior year.

Riddick was recruited for Norfolk State by Coach Dick Price. "They had a nice track program," Riddick says, "but they didn't have a track." The team practiced on the street that circled the gymnasium. Still, as a college freshman Riddick lowered his time to 9.3. As a sophomore and junior he starred on teams that won NCAA college-division team titles.

In his junior year Riddick married Theresa Renee Coleman. They stayed on at Norfolk State a year after his track eligibility had expired so he could finish up his degree. During that year Price put him in touch with Woodley, the coach of the Philadelphia Pioneers, and Riddick began to run for the club. He moved to Washington after graduation in June of 1975 and to Philadelphia in January

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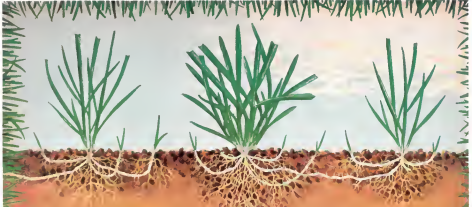
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of 1976. "I came to Philly because I wanted a change in environment," he says. "I'm sure I'll get a good job here. But I refuse to work nine to five. You get in that rut—up in the morning, go to work, go to your workout, go home and go to bed. I think life's more interesting than that."

Sixty of Woodley's students are primed with questions for Riddick. His answers are brief and to the point. Who is his toughest competitor? "I guess the clock is. I don't like to run against individuals." Should America put as much effort into women's sports as it does into men's? "We should put more because the women are so far behind the men." How did he feel when he won his gold medal in the relay? "I was kind of excited. Overwhelmed as a matter of fact."

The questions turn more personal. Does he smoke or drink? "Neither. I used to smoke when I was young but it's no good for you." This is something of a white lie. He occasionally permits himself a cigarette, perhaps one a day, and it hasn't been too long since he smoked a pack every two days. He cut back because he could feel a burning in his lungs when he came off the turn in his favorite race, the 200, in which he has a personal best of 20.1 (wind-aided) and was ranked eighth in the world last year.

Does he have a special diet? The kids might as well be asking Arnold Schwarzenegger if he believes in weight lifting. Riddick details his ritual of taking bee pollen pills—four of them each morning, at least half an hour before breakfast. A British coach got him started on the pills in 1975 and Riddick feels they have played an important role in his recent success. "And," he adds, "I haven't had a cold in two years." Does he eat any junk food? "I don't eat too many hamburgers. You eat a hamburger, you run like a hamburger."

With that the class ends. Riddick lingers to sign autographs, then heads for ... McDonald's. Perhaps with his own remonstrances in mind, he orders a milk shake. Apparently, if you drink a milk shake, you don't run like a milk shake.

Thus fortified he readies himself for practice. One day a week Riddick and Woodley go to Princeton's Jadwin Gymnasium where there is an unbanked, eight-lap Tartan track. Otherwise, he means Woodley at La Salle College in North Philadelphia where the track, a steeply banked, 12-laps-to-a-mile oval, is perched like a catwalk in the rafters of a

basketball gym. "Normally this track would be a detriment," says Woodley as Riddick begins to warm up, "but it has taught Sieve about body control. He used to blast right into those corners with no control." Woodley points to the void beyond as he evokes an image of Riddick, unable to slow himself down, pitching over the restraining bar at the end of one of the straightaways and plunging 50 feet to the hardwood floor below.

"When Steve came to me, he had two basic problems," says Woodley. "One was his start. If he was real lucky, he would be out of the blocks next to last. Secondly, he was running with his arms too high. He was using up all his strength with his arms and he couldn't go any faster. Consequently, he was tying up near the end of his races. He had never thought about form. He had only seen himself as part of a sort of blurred TV screen."

To its practitioners, the sprint is much more than just raw speed. "The 100 is more concentration than anything else," says Don Quarrie, the Olympic silver medalist in the event and gold medalist in the 200. "The minute you do something wrong you're lost."

This was the message that Woodley had to get across to Riddick. He succeeded by putting his sprinter in mile relays. "If he ran out of control in the quarter it would hurt him a lot worse than at a shorter distance," says Woodley. "All of a sudden that TV picture came in clear. He had it fine-tuned. One day he admitted to me that he had never known what he was doing in a race. Now he's mastered what he wanted to. The winning streak came with that mastery."

"The period after the Olympics was particularly tough for Sieve. That race was just one of those things. It happened. You can't die. You have to go on and he did. He's proved himself this indoor season."

After a 2½-hour workout, Riddick drives home. He lives with his wife and their 5-month-old daughter Martinique, who is named after the island, in a two-bedroom apartment that is filled with mementos of his track career, mostly from a day in his honor that was staged last October by the town of Hampton. His gold medal is in Hampton with his parents, but the shoes he wore in the relay, now bronzed, are atop his stereo in Philadelphia.



Riddick 'fine-tuned' his style for success

"I feel I'm running 100% better than two years ago," Riddick says, making faces at Martinique, who is in a bassinet at his feet. "Alex made me understand that running is an art form. It's supposed to be pretty and it is if you do it right. Charlie Joseph [a fellow Pioneer who runs the 440] is the prettiest runner I've ever seen. I could sit and watch him all day long. I used to just run blindly, like McTeer, and he looks awful. Now I know what I'm doing out there. I know I'm pretty."

The image of his newfound running form makes Riddick smile. He has decided to stay home for a couple of days, and pass up a meet the coming weekend because of some stiffness from his last race. "I could run if I had to," he says, "but I don't have to." There is a look of contentment on Riddick's face. He lapses into street talk to make sure the importance of what he is about to say will not be missed. "I ain't got to prove nothin' no more."

END

Up to the scuppers in cups

Five skippers honing their talents for the America's Cup clashed with five others in California's Congressional Cup. The winner in the head-to-head series: Ted Turner

To add luster to last week's Congressional Cup match-race series off Long Beach, Calif., the Long Beach Yacht Club invited six of the eight skippers who will be involved in the agonies of the America's Cup this summer. Five accepted, cherishing the knowledge to be gained from meeting nine rivals one-on-one in round-robin competition.

If there are lessons to be learned in defeat, the America's Cuppers were a wiser lot by the end of the opening round. Ted Hood, who will be at the helm of the cup entry *Independence*, was beaten start to finish by Marc Hollerbach of the Great Lakes Yacht Racing Union. Pelle Petterson, who will skipper the Swedish challenger, *Sverige*, got an almost even start against Dick Deaver, the defending champion at Long Beach, but faltered badly, trailing by more than 15 boat

lengths at the midway point in the six-mile race. Lowell North, helmsman of the new 12-meter *Enterprise*, was beaten across the starting line by Tony Parker, last year's runner-up. Although he worked into the lead on the second windward leg, North finally lost a squeaker by two seconds. At the end of the first series, the America's Cuppers' total in the win column might have been zip, except that the draw pitted two of them against each other—Noel Robins, helmsman of the Western Australian challenger, *Australia*, met Ted Turner, who will be at the helm of the 1974 defender, *Courageous*. Turner won the start and marched away, finishing more than 15 boat lengths ahead of the Aussie.

Although the results of the first go-around suggest otherwise, when all the racing was done last weekend the Con-

gressional Cup had taken on luster without robbing the prestigious America's Cup of any. Neither Petterson of Sweden nor Robins of Australia had had any match-racing experience in ocean-going hulls like the venerable Cal 40s used off Long Beach. And despite his solid reputation as a match and ocean racer, Ted Hood ranked as an odd sort of veteran-novice. In 20 years of success in large boats, around buoys and across the briny, he had only once—in the 1975 Congressional Cup—been at the helm of a tiller-steered hull. Nevertheless, the Newport-bound skippers won 13 races from the non-America's Cuppers, while losing only 12.

When the veteran skipper Arthur Knapp learned that the French Club d'Hyeres, which is also challenging for the America's Cup, had declined the invitation to send a Congressional Cup team, he exclaimed, "Three days in the Congressional Cup would be worth two weeks of chasing themselves around on the Mediterranean." Because Knapp served on the mammoth J boats of yesteryear and also as a 12-meter skipper, he is an authority.

The current 12-meter men—Hood, Robins and Petterson—confirm Knapp's opinion. "We are extremely busy now getting our Twelves in the water," Hood

continued



Prime America's Cuppers Lowell North (left) and Ted Hood claw to windward in the kind of close-quarter racing for which the event is known



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Turner sailed an old girl named *Persephone*.

said, "and I would not have come here if I did not think it would be valuable. These boats are quicker than 12-meters. In them you often must think and react faster." Amazed at the alacrity of the Cal 40s, Robins declared, "We had to come. Without such experience we might be babes to the slaughter. Chasing your rival around before the start, you have to be careful. Back the jib too smartly on one of these beasts and it will start chasing its own tail." Petterson, owed both by the tractability and truculence of the Cal 40, observed, "You must handle them like a jockey, easy on the reins."

In contrast to latter-day hulls, Cal 40s resemble museum pieces more than cavalry mounts, but it is largely because of them that Southern California has been preeminent in match racing. In comparison to the Congressional Cup, the races for the America's Cup are staid affairs, so removed from most of the spectators' view that they might as well be held in a dry sea on the back side of the moon. The instructions that the Long Beach Yacht Club issues to spectator boats read as follows: "It is not unusual for the racers to try to penetrate the spectator fleet and use it to their advantage. For this rea-

son, we request spectators to avoid all the racing boats, particularly at the start. However, if you should find yourself in such a position, then DO NOT MOVE."

During the 10-minute warming period a skipper can sail as far away from the starting area as he wants to avoid premature conflicts and save his crew for the tacking efforts during the actual race. Reluctant skippers have sailed more than a half mile away pursued by rivals wanting to mix it up immediately.

The dominance of Southern Californians in the Congressional Cup can be explained several ways. One wit suggested that they have a racing edge because they have honed the aggressive and defensive skills required by driving on their freeways. In the early years, before the competition had much stature, local skippers prevailed in part because more of them were competing, but between 1971 and 1976 the Southern Californians were outnumbered two to one. Still, no one from east of the Mississippi—or for that matter, east of California's Santa Ana Freeway—ever won.

Then this year along came Ted Turner, an Easterner—or Southeasterner, if you will—who has often upset the established order when at the helm of stock boats and hand-me-down hulls. For example, in 1966 in a stock Cal 40, then costing about \$25,000, he whopped the SORC fleet. But in six previous tries for the Congressional Cup, Turner had succeeded in losing in just about every possible way short of swamping.

He set about his quest this year in customary style, bad-mouthing his chances. Before the event, he confided, "I really don't have a chance; my mind is scattered. I'm thinking about Bowie Kuhn and the National League and the NBA and CBS." And later he said, "I am as optimistic as a Polish cavalry officer caught between the Germans and the Russians in 1939." Then, having worked himself into a good, low state of self-esteem, he proceeded to win six straight.

The boat he drew by lot was *Persephone*, the very first Cal 40 off the mold back in 1963. Although *Persephone* is not considered the best of hulls, in his string of wins Turner knocked off all of his 12-meter rivals. After beating Robins, he won a close one from North, the two of them luffing together for three minutes before the start like timid old maids, then scampering down to the port end of the line with the intention of rub-

bing each other off on a race-committee boat—a scuffle that gave Turner a meager one-second lead across the line. Turner took off even with Petterson in their duel, and widened a lead on all but one leg to win by 52 seconds. In his match against Hood, Turner forced his rival beyond the starboard end of the line and again won handily.

Winning bug is not Turner's style, nor seemingly in his stars. He thrives on cliffhangers and crises large and small. Last year, also in *Persephone*, Turner was 4-0 before dropping an error-pocked race to an Australian, Hugh Treharne, who had been winless. After two more losses Turner ended in a four-way tie for first, and in the race-offs finished fourth.

This year in the seventh round Turner met Dick Deaver, the defender. Deaver committed what was, ostensibly at least, a foul, when a carrying wave brought his bow down on Turner's stern in the jockeying before the start. While Deaver rounded the starting buoy to absolve the foul, Turner was off to a 41-second lead. He managed to stay well ahead through two legs, but Deaver ate the margin away the second time to windward and, after Turner had some jib trouble, finished about nine lengths in front.

At the end of that round Turner stood 6-1 and Deaver 5-2. If two men tie for first, the title goes to the one who has beaten the other head to head. That meant that if Deaver won both his last races and Turner lost one, Deaver would retain the title. In his next race, against Shawn Durnin, a Southern Californian who had not won one, Turner was at his squeaky best. He lost the start by nine seconds and was still that far behind with a leg and a half to go. He caught Durnin before the last leeward mark, and on the short beat to the finish line the Turner crew outkicked Durnin's six out of seven times. Because Deaver lost in the eighth round, Turner took the title with a race to spare.

Now that Turner has whupped his Newport rivals, does that mean he is the favorite for the America's Cup? The Congressional Cup is raced in spunky old girls all from the same mold and, despite the varied wrinkles of their mainsails, theoretically equal. In the 12-meter game, sail and hull development count for a lot. All that the Congressional Cup means is that there are now five 12-meter skippers who will be a trifle tougher in the wars off Newport.

END

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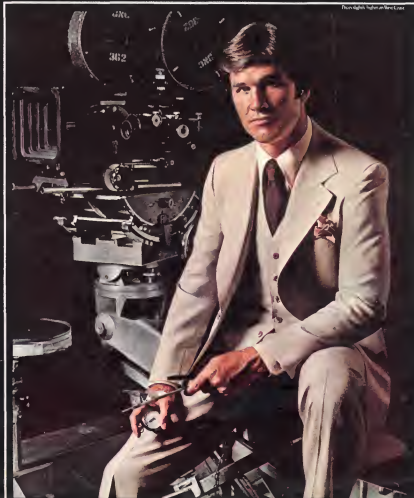
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The National Junior College Basketball Tournament went on for so long on the drought-parched Kansas prairie last week that by the time it was officially over it seemed to have acquired a life of its own. Sometime between the opening game Monday morning and the final buzzer Saturday night, many of the nation's finest two-year college players scored a grand total of 5,373 points, committed 1,333 turnovers, took about a million of the most improbable shots you ever saw, hitting half of them, and played a lot of small d.

The tournament has been staged in Hutchinson, Kans. for 29 of its 30 years and is run by the American Legion post there. It is probably the only basketball tournament in America where you can see a halftime show consisting of three belly dancers in costumes that jangle like a trio of slot machines paying off, and then walk out the street and be passed by an Amish family in a horse-drawn carriage. And where else but in Hutchinson could you find a troupe of grim-looking pre-adolescent girls—all under five feet tall—in jackboots, berets and armbands, goose-stepping their way across the 10-second line and into the hearts of a hundred former doughboys in glitter-trimmed overseas caps?

Hutchinson is a community of some 40,000 people, a considerable portion of whom are both over 60 and doggedly loyal to the basketball tournament. For many of them it is an annual social event, a kind of cotillion with sneakers and sweatbands. What they lack in hoop sophistication, they more than make up for in enthusiasm; witness one white-haired old lady who kept yelling things like, "Dance on his face, Flenoil!" and "Le-roy, put the hurt on him, baby!"

This year 21 teams qualified for the trip to Hutchinson by winning regional competitions, and under the NJCAA's double-elimination format that meant that 35 games had to be played in six days. It was a killing regimen, with games starting at 11 a.m. and ending at 11 p.m. the first five days. One fan who tried to sit through the whole thing was found lying in a ditch on Sunday morning, semi-comatose and attempting to make a religious sacrifice of a Spalding basketball.

No less than 19 junior college stars are playing in the NBA at present, and because some of them—e.g., Bob McAdoo,

Artis Gilmore and Tom Henderson—passed through Hutchinson on their way to no-cut contracts and megabucks, the JuCo tournament has become a regular stop on the recruiting circuit for four-year schools. This year's gathering included Head Coaches Dave Gavitt of Providence, Eddie Sutton of Arkansas, John Thompson of Georgetown, Norm Stewart of Missouri, Bob Boyd of USC, Jerry Hale of Oral Roberts, and quite possibly every assistant east of Guam who ever owned a leisure suit.

When these coaches weren't hovering around dressing-room doors, ready to swoop down on anyone over 6'5" who was rumored to have a soft touch, they were talking among themselves about the Drake belly-button defense, the Temple blue-double-stack-man-pop-out-red-overload-step-up offense and the do-or-die-zone-trap press. Maybe all the years of wearing double-knits has begun to affect their speech. Perhaps the FDA might be willing to dress some of its laboratory rats in double-knit jumpsuits, then wait and see if it causes brain damage.

Coaches like Boyd and Thompson concede that since freshmen became eligible for varsity play five years ago, recruiting of junior college players has been done from positions of weakness, not strength. "Ideally, you want a kid who's going to be with you for four years," says Boyd. "But when your needs are more immediate, as ours are, a JC player can be an asset because of his ability to step right in and play."

In the past, certain conferences—particularly the Big Ten and the Pac-8—have tended to look down their noses at the junior colleges. Michigan, however, has proved that a Big Ten team can win with a player like Rickey Green, who led Vincennes into this tournament two years ago. Indiana's Bob Knight, one of the last champions of this sort of snobism, reportedly is looking at JC prospects after a disappointing 14-13 season. "A lot of coaches talk about how they're philosophically opposed to taking junior college players," says Thompson. "Well, I'm opposed to it, too, but I'm here."

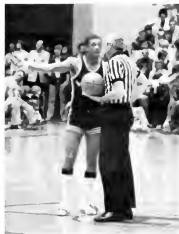
One of the teams that Thompson and the rest of the coaches came to see was the College of Southern Idaho, which has a reputation as a launching pad for talented players. Ricky Sobers, Ron Behn-ger, Tim Bassett and Tommy Barker—

'Dance on his face, Flenoil!'

Independence (Kans.) beat the favorites to waltz away with the JC championship



In the final game, Louden had seven assists.



Johnny High's pompons scored no points here

all of whom are now in the NBA—played for Southern Idaho, and both Sutton and Hale coached there. Moreover, the Golden Eagles were the defending national champions, winners of 48 games in a row, and ranked No. 1 in the country coming into the tournament.

Southern Idaho was also typical of the schools represented in Hutchinson. Junior colleges have suffered from the notion that they are used by the four-year schools as warehouses in which to store subvenerable athletes until, by some magic, the grades of these non-scholars rise to the 2.0 mark that separates the golden boys from the non-predictors. Often enough it works that way, a major college coach referring a player with murky academic credentials to a certain junior college, in hopes that at the end of two years he will get his piece of property back. More frequently, however, the junior colleges provide an alternative for players who have been ignored by the big schools during their last year of high school. Ken Goetz, a 6'6" forward at CSI who graduated from high school with a 2.7 average, wasn't recruited by the schools he thought were worthy of his talents. A natural shooter with some

defensive weaknesses, Goetz went to Southern Idaho to work out the kinks in his game, and is now being wooed by Las Vegas, Arkansas, San Diego State and Colorado.

After defeating Lincoln Trail College 76-66 in the opening round, Southern Idaho came up against Independence Community College of Independence, Kans., a school with an enrollment of only 600, and here lack of experience against a full-court zone press proved to be the Idahoans' undoing. Independence's Pirates unleashed a fierce back-court defense, built a lead of as many as 17 points and ran away with a 74-66 victory.

Having pulled off the upset of the tournament, Independence Coach Dan Wall was confronted with the prospect of playing Lawson State Community College of Birmingham, Ala. The Cougars, an all-black team of blithe spirits coached by the inscrutable Eldridge O. (Offense) Turner, came into the tournament leading the nation in scoring for the second straight year. Every player on the Lawson roster is from Birmingham. Says Turner, "We just wait until Alabama and Auburn come in and take their pick. Then we take what's left over."

This year's leftovers included the aptly named Johnny High, a muscular 6'3" sophomore who wears yellow pompons on his game shoes and scores from inside and outside with equal facility.

In their first-round game with North Greenville, Lawson's Cougars took 120 shots—an average of one every 20 seconds—and won 137-90. "Our philosophy," says Turner, "is that if we can hold our opponents to fewer points than us, we've played good defense."

That sort of approach can produce excitement. About 10 seconds after the opening tip-off in its quarterfinal game with the Pensacola (Fla.) Pirates, Lawson fairly leaped to an eight-point advantage. The next thing Turner knew, Pensacola was up by eight. At halftime Lawson had sprinted back into an 18-point lead. It was the kind of game in which Pensacola Coach Richard Daly, down by 12 points midway through the second half, could turn to his bench and chortle, "Okay, baby, we got 'em where we want 'em now." It was the kind of game in which he was very nearly right, Lawson kicked away a 14-point lead but hung on for a 113-104 victory.

Coach Wall, who was taking all this in, decided that the only way Independence could stop the Lawson juggernaut was to send three men to the offensive boards and keep two back. This he did, shutting off Lawson's fast break for a 101-87 win and a spot in the championship game.

In the other bracket, San Jacinto of Pasadena, Texas and Ellsworth (Iowa) Community College were having a hard time getting anybody to take them seriously. Neither team possessed the flash of Lawson State or the quickness of Independence, but both were steady and capable. San Jacinto forced Ellsworth into a spate of critical turnovers, but with 53 seconds left held only a three-point lead. During a time-out, San Jac Coach Wayne Ballard begged his players not to dribble the ball between their legs as they stalled away the remaining time. They obliged, and San Jacinto slipped into the title game with a 72-71 victory.

What had shaped up as a grand finale between the scrambling, fast-break offense of Independence and the methodical, defensive-oriented Ravens never materialized. Both coaches so expertly imposed countermeasures to take away the opposition's normal game that what resulted was a frequently sloppy, sometimes subdued, but never dull conclusion to the week's activities.

Wall went to his bench early, and as they had all week, the Independence substitutes came through admirably. Thomas Loaden, playing the point position on the zone press, forced San Jacinto into numerous errors, converting them into 12 points and seven assists. Wall was willing to concede 20 points to San Jacinto Forward Ollie Mack (he finished with 25), and gave Chester Giles the job of containing San Jac's 6'11", 220-pound center, Alton Lister. Lister wound up with 16 points and seven rebounds, but committed half a dozen or more crucial turnovers, and Giles was named the tournament's MVP. With four seconds remaining and San Jac down by two points Lister was called for traveling. Independence added a free throw and then ran the clock out for a 75-72 victory and the championship. When the buzzer sounded, Wall leaned over in his chair and wept into his hands. Whether it was because he had just won his first major title or because the long ordeal was finally over was anybody's guess.



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Same state, different champion

The Iowa State Cyclones dethroned Iowa's Hawkeyes for the NCAA title

Performing in the spirit of those champion iconoclasts from Oakland—the Raiders and the Athletics—Iowa State's wrestlers set aside their injuries, complaints and personal squabbles last week long enough to dethrone their bitter intrastate rivals, the Iowa Hawkeyes, as the NCAA's kings of the mat. Still, the Cyclones were not exactly claiming exclusive bragging rights to the state, because until almost the last match of the competition it appeared that Iowa State would be the first school in the tournament's 47-year history to win the team title without having at least one individual champion.

Then Cuban-born Frank Santana, gamely wrestling despite a shoulder separation and a left knee that after five op-

erations looks even worse than Bobby Orr's and Joe Namath's, gained Iowa State some much-relished respect. Cyclone teammates Joe Zuppann and Kelly Ward had already lost in the 150- and 158-pound finals, respectively, as the 190-pound Santana, the No. 3 seed, prepared to grapple with the No. 1 seed, Minnesota's Evan Johnson, in a replay of their 1976 NCAA title match at Tucson. Santana had clearly lost to Johnson then and, while he seemed to have a genuine excuse for his defeat—he was competing just 26 days after another of his knee operations and four stitches had come loose during the bout—Santana offered none. "I don't make excuses for losing," he said.

Nonetheless, Santana had an excuse available to him in the event he lost his rematch with Johnson Saturday night. Three days before the NCAA's began, Santana was dropped on his shoulder during an Iowa State practice, and when he came up it was a mess. Cyclone Coach Harold Nichols understandably declined to make any public announcements about Santana's injury, but at the same time he privately doubted that the shoulder would permit Santana to make it through the tournament.

"My dad says that if it weren't for bad luck, I wouldn't have any luck at all," said Santana.

Back in Cuba, Santana's father Fernando was a violent anti-Communist in the days when Fidel Castro was taking control of the country, and that stance led to the machine-gunning of the Santanas home. As Frank remembers, "Everybody was crying and running, and we went to the basement and somebody threw me in the bathtub and told me to keep my head down." Frank and his mother Daysi emigrated to the U.S., settling with relatives in Miami. Later Frank's father and his older brother Nando tried to flee from Cuba by running across a beach to a boat waiting to take them to the U.S. His brother was killed, but his father made it.

"All that makes me appreciate life a lot more," Frank says. As Nichols says, "Maybe Frank doesn't have a lot of natural wrestling ability, but he has an awful lot of resolve."

So he does. Unmindful of the injured shoulder, Santana aggressively went after



Victors all? Collectively, but the Cyclones' only individual champ was Santana (top, third from left).

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ter Johnson from the start and scored two takedowns in the first period while building a 4-2 lead. For the rest of the match he remained a quick step or slip ahead of the frustrated Johnson, and when it was over Santana had his revenge with a 12-7 victory—and Iowa State had an individual championship to go with its team title.

Curiously, there was no real favorite team when the wrestlers from 119 schools arrived on the University of Oklahoma campus at Norman for the three-day tournament. Iowa State, Iowa and Oklahoma State all were rated as contenders for the championship; indeed, the three schools had a near-monopoly on the title, having won 35 of the previous 46 national tournaments. Iowa had taken the NCAA's last two seasons, but nothing seemed to be going right for rookie Coach Dan Gable's Hawkeyes.

For starters, Gable got stuck in an elevator for 90 minutes. Then Steve Hunte, the country's best 134-pound wrestler, was upset by Lehigh's Bob Slood in overtime in the first round. To compound Iowa's problems, Slood suffered a knee injury during his victory over Hunte and had to default a later match, thus preventing Hunte from competing in the consolation bracket. In his pretournament calculations, Gable no doubt figured that Hunte would score a minimum of 12½ points, a maximum of 20, but, as it developed, Hunte came up with nothing. If he had gotten only 12½ points, Iowa would have finished first. As it was, the Hawkeyes placed third with 84 points. Iowa State won with 95.5, and Oklahoma State finished second with 88.75.

"It's terribly disappointing when you don't live up to what you're supposed to do," Gable said. Indeed, the only Iowa wrestler who did what he was supposed to do was 177-pound Chris Campbell. As a sophomore Campbell had a nervous breakdown, or so he thinks, because he kept dreaming that trains were running over him. As a junior he regularly complained that he was tired of wrestling, but still won the 177-pound NCAA title. As a senior, though, Campbell had wrestled in a positive mood. "When you get to the end of something," he said, "you increase your pace."

Campbell was undefeated in 34 matches this season as he met Michigan's Mark Johnson in the 177-class finals. "John-

son's the only guy I can't outmuscle," Campbell said. "I've got to hit him slick and quick." Campbell did just that, scoring two takedowns and a near fall to run the score to 8-1 en route to a 12-6 decision. With the victory—and his second NCAA crown—Campbell also became Iowa's winningest wrestler ever with a 122-6-3 record.

Campbell expected that his undefeated season would convince the NCAA judges to name him the tournament's outstanding wrestler, but they gave that award to 126-pound Nick Gallo, the first Hofstra wrestler ever to win an NCAA championship. "Oh, well," Campbell shrugged, "I know I'm the best."

Oklahoma State avoided the opening-round disasters that hurt Iowa, but the Cowboys, who had won their dual meet with Iowa State this year 20-14, suffered three defeats in the semifinals. Paul Martin, the No. 1 seed in the 150-pound class, lost to Michigan's Mark Churella; Billy Martin (no relation) lost to Gallo in the 126-pound class; and freshman Lee Roy Smith was beaten on a referee's decision by Michigan State's Dennis Brighton in the 134-pound competition. "Aw, I could if and but this thing forever," said Oklahoma State Coach Tommy Chesbro. Nevertheless, the Cowboys did collect two individual titles as Steve Barrett beat Indiana's Sam Komar in the 142-pound final and 1976 Olympian Jimmy Jackson—seeded only No. 3—defeated Oregon State's Larry Bieleberg for the heavyweight title.

For a time it appeared that Iowa State would go the route of its Iowa neighbors. There had been discontent among the Cyclones all season. Some of the wrestlers thought Nichols had scheduled too many meets; Iowa State had 26 collegiate events this season compared to 21 for Oklahoma State and 23 for Iowa. Discipline was not a strong suit among the Cyclones, either. After a loss to Oklahoma State this year, Iowa State had a dual meet against California Poly, hardly a bastion of wrestling excellence. No reason for the Cyclones to get sweaty palms. So a bunch of Iowa State regulars turned up sick or lame, and Cal Poly scored the upset of the college season. "That loss," says Nichols, "is on the wrestlers, not me."

In another match Cyclone heavyweight Bob Fouts, bothered by a knee in-

jury, needed only to avoid getting pinned to preserve an Iowa State victory over Iowa. Instead, Fouts was disqualified for stalling and the match ended in a tie.

Iowa State also seemed to have more than its share of campus characters. Last season Ward, then wrestling at 142 pounds, became so disgusted with everything that he quit the team. He packed his green knapsack, attached a sign that said EAST and started hitchhiking. A blue van passed Ward on the road, stopped and picked him up. Santana was driving the van, and he immediately made a U-turn for the Iowa State campus in Ames. On the way he talked Ward into staying. "It's a good thing I didn't go home," says Ward, the son of former Maryland Football Coach Bob Ward, "because my dad wouldn't have let me in the house. I'd still be on the road."

Zuspunn, the Cyclones' 150-pound wrestler, harbors a strong affection for motorcycles and has been known to drive them at daredevil speeds. He also used to skip practice frequently and travel to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where his girl friend lived. They are Mr. and Mrs. Zuspunn now, and he practices regularly.

Then there is Johnnie Jones, whose weight fluctuates between 118 and 142 pounds. When Jones balloons Nichols says, "John, you believe that God is a God of miracles. Believe in God for a miracle to get you down to 118."

Iowa State had troubles in the opening round at Norman as both heavyweight Fouts and 177-pound Dave Allen were upset by wrestlers from Princeton. (In all, 17 seeded wrestlers lost first-round matches.) After that, the Cyclones proceeded cautiously, piling up points as Santana, Ward and Zuspunn advanced to the finals. Jones, down to an uncomfortable 118 pounds, struggled to a fourth-place finish, and 126-pound Mike Land placed third in his class. As things turned out, Iowa State clinched the team championship after Land's performance during consolation action on Saturday afternoon—hours before the final matches. That night Ward lost 9-5 to Wisconsin's methodical Lee Kemp (SI, Feb. 21), and Zuspunn lost a 9-3 decision to Michigan's Churella.

But then Santana came along to win one for the Cyclones and gave them two things to brag about to the folks when they got back home.



Don't snicker. If the Big Precinct Leader in the Sky gets out the vote for Chicago's late Mayor Daley, Chinook will run in the Chicago River

Salmon for Hizzoner

This past December the Honorable Richard J. Daley, for 22 years the mayor of Chicago, passed away. In the months just before his death it came to light that the 74-year-old Daley was, among other things, an avid fisherman. "Hizzoner, duh mare," as loyal Chicago folks still sometimes refer to Daley, had been seen leaving local Lake Michigan docks early in the morning and returning to shore with good-sized Chinook salmon.

There was a photograph in the newspapers of a shining 23-pounder Daley caught in October while fishing near McCormick Place with Arthur Wirtz, Chicago sports mogul. At one point Daley told the press that fishing was his favorite sport by far, saying, "It's the one place where you're closest to God."

Of course, no one in Chicago begrudged Mayor Daley his fishing—after

all, the man who ran "the city that works" deserved his playtime. It was where he went fishing that caused comment. Lake Michigan, for 20 miles Chicago's eastern boundary, is not generally considered a sportsman's dream. The lake has been receiving abuse for years, from industrial runoff to invading lampreys to PCBs, and the common feeling was that the fish population had been hard hit.

But with the recent introduction of "man-made" Chinook and coho, which were dumped near several Chicago harbors last spring, sport fishing was supposedly looking up. You could ask Hizzoner. "In another year we'll have the most salmon of anywhere," he said in the glow of an autumn catch.

Nevertheless, skepticism remained. Tenth Ward Alderman Ed Vrdolyak jokingly said at a city council meeting that an underwater confederate might be at-

taching fish to Mayor Daley's line. In their column, *Baggage*, Chicago Sun-Times writers Bob Greene and Paul Galloway suggested that the mayor's trophies were actually precinct captains dressed in fish costumes.

Who truly raised eyebrows, however, was the mayor's contention that not only was Lake Michigan a fishing heaven but that the Chicago River would soon be one, too. An inner-city sludgepot of indeterminate composition and color, the Chicago River had probably housed more cement-encased humans than fish during the last half century. Overflow from the city's sewers runs directly into the river during heavy rains, and huge ships churn its waste-filled bottom into noxious ooze. The only time the river has a healthy color is on St. Patrick's Day, when the Democrats dye it green with food coloring.

Still, the mayor had a vision. He wanted to see clean, edible fish in the river, and he wanted to see them right away. "People from the Loop could catch fish in the Chicago River and barbecue them on grills we'll put in lower Wacker Drive," he told the House Public Works Subcommittee on Water Resources. "They can eat fish and have a bottle of beer."

Official reaction to Daley's plan has ranged from hand-line waffling to outright hysteria. "Put salmon in the Chicago River?" asks Nick Bridge of the Illinois conservation department, after several moments of laughter. "Oh, my God!"

To say there are problems is to understate grandly. To begin with, the river flows the wrong way. At the turn of the century Chicagoans decided it would be easier to reverse the river than to clean it up, so it now flows out of Lake Michigan instead of in. Salmon returning to spawn would be looking for a non-existent current. Secondly, there are locks at the mouth—or tail—of the river that prevent easy passage. The river is also warmer than it used to be. And, of course, there is the filth.

"There are years of pollutants on the bottom," says Harry Wight, an Illinois state fish biologist. "The whole system is sick. And salmon are even less environmentally tolerant than trout."

As part of his reclamation project Mayor Daley asked Congress to allow the diversion of more Lake Michigan water down the river—up from 3,200 cubic feet

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per second to 10,000. This measure—which has been compared to the violent flushing of a toilet—has prompted alarmed speculation. Scaremongers say it might lower the water level of Lake Michigan and perhaps all the Great Lakes to some degree (although, according to some biologists, if there were a drop it would be three inches at most, which they say is hardly significant). But the sediment washed down the Chicago River would work its way into the Illinois waterway and from there into the Mississippi, increasing its pollutants. "Eventually, water from Chicago ends up in New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico," says General Francis P. Kane, a city coordinator for the many agencies involved in the project.

But even if the water is somehow made pure enough, how will salmon find the river? "Well, it's possible you could use the 'drip system,' where the fish are imprinted with an odor and then return to that smell later," says Ken Dumong, president of Chicago's Salmon Unlimited club. "It's been done in Milwaukee."

Rumor had it, in fact, that Salmon Unlimited was so excited about Mayor Daley's scheme that the club had plans to plant salmon fingerlings in the river last spring as a bicentennial present. That, claims Dumong, was a fish story. "It's a biological impossibility," he states. "A writer just put words in our mouths."

Still, things are looking up for the Chicago River. Construction was recently started on a tunnel and reservoir system to handle Chicago's sewage. This in itself may purify the river immensely, although whether it will make it habitable for fish is another matter. "I don't know," says Dumong uncertainly. "I don't want to say anything too critical, but I don't think we'll see salmon in the river in my lifetime or yours."

Mayor Daley, a man who built skyscrapers, freeways, shopping centers, an airport and one of the few modern urban political juggernauts, insisted it would happen. And soon. "How do you put a value on young people in the inner city being able to fish in the river?" he asked.

Perhaps you don't. But if salmon ever do run up—or down—the Chicago River, Chicagoans will have something marvelous to tell their grandchildren. Not only did the late great Irish boss know how to build machines and wield clout—but he worked miracles, too.

END



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In a class all by itself —for now

The TPC is not a major championship and will not be for a good long while yet, but the world's best professionals were grand-slammed at savage Sawgrass

If Sawgrass is a golf course instead of a torture chamber, you couldn't get very many touring pros to agree. If Sawgrass is not Vincent Price's front yard, then what is it? An alligator farm? A reptile exhibit? Such thoughts came frequently last week during the funniest four days—ever—in the long life of the PGA tour, when an event called the Tournament Players Championship had what in effect was its real inaugural. Another of those under-30 guys survived to be pronounced the winner, Mark Hayes. But the true victor of the tournament played near Jacksonville was the course, Sawgrass, because when last seen most of the best golfers in the world were still poking around in the dunes and marshes looking for their egos.

Maybe it was appropriate that Mark Hayes, who is one of the most invisible players on the tour, became the champion. You had to hide and sneak around Sawgrass to endure it. For three rounds and practically half of Sunday's final 18, Hayes wasn't even known to be in the tournament. An even more obscure young man named Mike McCullough had

been leading since his opening-day 66, but he was surrounded by a rather fashionable cast, and it was expected that eventually McCullough would go the way of the coots fluttering up out of the landscape. And then Tom Watson or Hale Irwin or Jack Nicklaus would take the \$60,000 first prize and the title of a tournament that years to be thought of as something at least as sacred to the game as Hell Bunker at St. Andrews or PGA Commissioner Deane Beman's leisure suits.

On Sunday when McCullough did, in fact, begin to stumble, and Watson went to the last nine holes with a two-stroke lead, all seemed right with the world. But then these weird things started to happen, as they had been happening all week. Watson, who had tap-danced so beautifully through the bunkers and other menaces of Sawgrass for so long, got his conceit. He bogeyed four out of five holes as he started off on the back nine with a series of bad shots and bad breaks, and the next thing anyone knew Hayes grabbed the lead with, as someone mentioned, a flurry of charging pars. Hayes, who at least knew how to win golf tournaments—he had won twice on the tour last year—finished with a relatively uneventful par 72 for a total of 289, one over par, and took the title with what appeared to be unflappable ease. If Bruce Devlin (low announcer, low architect, low Australian, low plumber) and Hale Irwin had only driven into the fairway and not the water on the last hole, the outcome could have been different. But both bogeyed what many considered a birdie hole.

No one can tell much about Mark Hayes. He certainly has a fine game, a solid swing, but he goes along in one of those brimmed hats, and some say the most interesting words he ever uttered were "thank you" when his high school bestowed a diploma on him. But Hayes didn't have to say much at Sawgrass. Conceivably, his words couldn't have been heard, anyhow, with all the yelling by the rest of the field. Right up to the last splash.

It was just as well that a guy won who played under the wind and away from the crowd, for he didn't distract from the important thing, which was what will become of the TPC. The championship has had a bruised and battered past. From the

continued



The best approach was to be invisible, and Mark Hayes managed that and a one-over-par victory.



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Raymond Floyd hacked out of the underbrush to shoot a respectable 74 but he and fellow pros Hayes and Tom Watson often stood on the brink



beginning it claimed "major" status, insinuating that it deserved to be thought of in the same class with the Masters, the U.S. and British Opens and the National PGA. A sort of Grand Slam Plus One. It didn't ask anyone, by the way. It just claimed it, primarily on the basis that the tournament was a big-money event to be played on tough courses with the best field you could assemble. This was all true. But major status will only come with age and refinements that will be made over the years, if at all. Only public taste and to some extent the attitude of the press will ultimately decide the proper place of the TPC. Possibly the world doesn't need a fifth major, and it will have to settle down on that plateau of annual competitions that are thought of as "significant." Better than a Doral or a Kemper, of course, but hardly a Masters. Somewhere in between.

There is another possibility, one the PGA finds utterly revolting. The TPC could one day replace the PGA Championship in the minds of those who concern themselves with what is major and what is not. The TPC has the format to do so because it is designed to keep out, shall we say, the riffraff.

There is only one way to get into the TPC and that is to be one of the current best golfers on the planet, one of the top 144 money winners during the previous year. Compared to the PGA, the kind of players this eliminates is fascinating. The TPC does not have such rough elements as the champions of the 39 PGA sections, the 25 low scorers and ties in the last PGA Club Professional Championship, all former PGA champions (alive or dead) and the resident professional. In brief, no club pros, no accidents, no legacies.

All this was noble and seemed creative on the planning board, but then came the time to hold the tournament. The long-range scheme was to roam about the land holding the TPC on only the best and most testing courses, the assumption being that every country club would be delighted to host it, as giddily happy as they would be to honor the U.S. Open or the PGA. The tournament started off in Atlanta in 1974 and was fortunate enough to get Jack Nicklaus for a winner. Jack said he won "just in case" the tournament became a major. There were two problems, however. It rained. And the event was scheduled far too

late in the season—August—to generate much attention.

The second TPC went to Colonial in Fort Worth, and again it was played in August. Al Geiberger shot some spectacular golf on the banks of the Trinity River, but in terms of atmosphere the event seemed to be nothing more than a Colonial National Invitation that had forgotten its dates.

In 1976 the TPC found the time of year it wanted—ahead of the Masters—and got Inverrary in Fort Lauderdale to act as the host club. It even got Nicklaus for a winner again. But it also rained again. The final round had to be played on Monday, blowing a big TV audience. And by then everyone realized that if the TPC kept traveling around it was never going to be anything more than the Atlanta Classic, the Colonial or the Jackie Gleason by another name. And what would happen if, on top of this, Nicklaus stopped winning it?

What all of this wrought was Sawgrass. Sawgrass-by-the-sea. Sawgrass-in-either Jacksonville-or-Ponte-Vedra. Sawgrass-on-the-dunes-left-over-from-Hurricane-Dora-with-alligators-to-boot. Whatever you wanted to say about the course, old Sawgrass did one thing. It finally attracted attention to the Tournament Players Championship, and when the competitors have had time to think the four rounds over and get the sand bathed off and cure their windburn, they will probably be grateful.

By Sunday night Sawgrass had contributed heavily to the lexicon of the game. The tournament started on Thursday with the field accusing Communists of plotting the par-5 4th. The hole is a 527-yard terror, narrowly sculpted among brush, dunes, gnarled timber and swamp. It demands radar from the tee, a minister and choral group for the second shot, a snorkeling outfit thereafter and a considerable amount of cursing. You can either lay up with a four-iron and then pitch to a box top, or you can go for the green and more than than likely wind up with a double bogey or worse.

Par-5 holes rarely play over par in a PGA tournament, but on that first day the 4th played to a dandy total of 22 over par. There were so many horrible numbers posted, the players began to laugh and see who could thank up the best lines in the locker room. They didn't make scores on the hole, they said, they

made estimates. Roger Maltbie probably put it best: "It's not so bad. It's like having a tooth pulled with no anesthetic."

The outrage about the hole was good for Sawgrass. Suddenly, the place had a tourist attraction, a genuine monster that golfers everywhere should want to see. One can only hope that when changes are made in the 4th to allow room for a gallery, the design of the hole won't be tampered with.

The second thing that made this TPC memorable was Friday, when somebody turned on the fans. It was a marvelous day for anyone who hated golf and touring pros. A 25-to-30-mph wind started whipping across the premises in mid-morning, and the wind, combined with the dangers of the course—water, sand, greens of shallow depth, scrub, etc.—added up to the most rugged test of golf since Walter Hagen tried to chip with a swizzle stick.

Exactly 50 men in the field shot 80 or higher. One fellow actually confessed to

a 91 (John Lister), and one did not (Flomero Blancas), although 91 is what he shot Blancas was disqualified after failing to sign his scorecard. The average score in the afternoon was 81. All the players could do was laugh. There were lines like John Schlee's, "If the course was an airport, it would be closed." And Allen Miller saying, "There won't be anyone left on Sunday but Mr. W.D. and Mr. D.S.Q." Meanwhile, Bruce Lietzke sat in the locker room trying to figure out a "worst ball" score among the field. The worst score on each hole from anybody. He got the number up to 131. Which was when Don Massengale came in with an 84 and couldn't improve on Lietzke's worst ball total.

The round was summed up by Cesar Sanudo, one of the day's 14 dropouts. Hitting his third drive at the 9th hole, after the other two had gone into the water, and seeing this one take a huge, soaring turn toward the same hazard, he started walking in. "It's the first time I

ever withdrew when the ball was in the air," he said.

Even without a vicious wind, with only the normal breezes, which is how the course played for three of the four rounds, Sawgrass gave the players a flogging such as they have rarely experienced. They were thrashed as they were in a couple of recent U.S. Open championships, those at Pebble Beach in 1972 and Winged Foot in 1974. Not bad company for Sawgrass, which tortured the professionals even worse. There were all sorts of accident tolls. Such as one-sixth of the field quitting. Such as 57 players, more than two-thirds of the field, failing to break 300. Such as only one man, the quiet Mark Hayes, managing to break 290.

What basically happened on the non-links of Jacksonville is that a new verb joined the language of golf. From now on, when something terrible happens to a touring pro, he will no doubt say he got Sawgrassed.

END

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THAT ORANGE SHIRT MEANS SOMETHING

Even in a last-minute farmhouse recruiting session where he has to compete with a Jerry Lewis movie, making a case for playing football at Tennessee comes naturally to the Vols' new coach, Johnny Majors **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

CONTINUED

Johnny Majors parked his car on the back side of the hangar, where it was partly obscured by a row of light planes. He said he didn't like to be seen driving a Cadillac. "If you get your tail beat, it doesn't look good driving a Cadillac," he said. They had tried to give him a Cadillac prematurely at Pittsburgh, too, he said, but he held out for an Olds. Now that he was back in Tennessee, his resistance had apparently weakened, but he still had qualms. When the writer had come to Knoxville the week before, Majors had traded cars with Henry Lee Parker, his administrative assistant, so the writer wouldn't make something of it. "Henry Lee is more the Cadillac type," Majors said, grinning so that he exposed the division in the front teeth of what he calls his "ruddy farmer's face."

The pilot of the orange and white Paper Navajo was waiting in the warmth of the hangar together with a younger man with wispy red hair, a Tennessee assistant coach named Robbie Franklin. It was Franklin who had alerted Majors to the emergency. A coveted high school prospect, a defensive lineman living just south of Bowling Green, Ky., had signed a Tennessee grant-in-aid but was now wavering. Woody Hayes of Ohio State had paid the boy a visit. The visit set off vibrations. The player was good enough for Majors to make this sudden flight.

The university-owned Navajo and its pilot had been Majors' steady companions since early January. There had been Coach of the Year banquets from Boston to Los Angeles. Majors had swept the more established of these honors, but presumably because of the magnitude of his championship season at Pitt, new honors had been conceived, and accepting them had kept him flying around. He had been in demand as a lecturer, too, and there had been rush trips like this one to help get some meat on the bones of a Tennessee team that had gone 6-5 in 1976 and got Bill Battle fired.

"I wake up in a motel room and I don't remember if it's Humboldt, Tennessee, or Kalamazoo," Majors said. "I feel like a schizophrenic. How's it look, Charlie?"

The pilot plopped down a salt-stained pair of rubber boots. "It's snowing in Kentucky, coach," he said. "Not supposed to stick, but..."

Majors looked at his patent-leather shoes with blue suede tops. He was dressed handsomely, if not ruggedly, in a light-orange sports jacket, matching striped shirt and tie, gray slacks and a polished leather suburban coat. He shrugged.

"When I went out to take the Iowa State job in 1968, all I wore was a thin brown suit, like crepe paper. I was duckling in and out of doorways to stay warm."

"My first head coaching job—what did I know? I was a bundle of nerves. I couldn't sleep. I didn't know anybody. I was in the North. I was scared to death I'd fail. I'd always had that fear of failing. My first day at school, six years old, I told my mother, 'I'm not going.' She said, 'What's wrong with you?' I said, 'I can't read!'"

"You should see the official picture they took of me in Ames. The expression on my face—miserable. I'm finally a head coach, and I don't know what the hell to do. I know I





PAINTINGS BY BERNARD FUCHS

can't go back to Arkansas, Frank Broyles has already filled my old job. I know I have to recruit. My dad had told me, 'Lay your ears back and go to work.'

"I got a map of the state and took a ruler and divided it into four equal parts—one each for me and the three assistants I'd hired. I said, 'O.K., we'll each take a quarter.' And one of my new assistants said, 'Better make that thirds, coach. I'm leaving.' I didn't even look up. I said to Jimmy Johnson, 'Take him to the airport, Jimmy.' I was discouraged enough without having to look at him."

Majors laughed and led the way outside to the plane. The flight to Bowling Green would take more than an hour, bucking head winds. From there, Robbie Franklin said, it was another 30 minutes by car to where the prospect, 18-year-old Donnie Evans, lived on a dairy farm outside Franklin, Ky. Robbie carried an overnight bag. If necessary, he would spend the night to get the boy's signature on a national letter the next day, when binders became final. Majors was carrying only a briefcase.

"What's the story on this kid?" he asked as they buckled in, facing forward in the six-seater. "I thought he was ours."

"I think he needs to be reassured, coach. Woody Hayes came in with both barrels and now the boy's confused. I think he just wants to hear you say you want him."

"Well, we want him, all right. He has the size we need."

Majors dug into his briefcase for his list of recruits, looking for statistics.

"Six-four, two-thirty-five?"

"Yes, sir. Probably make a nose guard. He saw your Pittsburgh defense in the Sugar Bowl and was impressed."

"How about academics?"

"Not too strong, but we can help him. He's certainly no dummy. He read where you said you wouldn't win the national championship with this year's crop of recruits."

"Well, that's right, isn't it? We've done O.K., but we were late starting. If we could have brought in the numbers we did at Pitt..."

His first season at Pittsburgh, Majors said, he signed 70 high school seniors. The NCAA limit is now 30 a year.

"At Pitt, we already had our staff," Majors said, "and we knew what we were going to do, so I just turned the coaches loose to recruit. We were 10 weeks on the road. I told everybody to report on the weekends to see where we stood. We didn't get many blue-chippers, but we did get guys with fire in their eyes. They were desperate to succeed."

With the plane airborne, Majors loosened his seat belt and took out a cigarette, exposing hands surprisingly large and big-boned for a small man. As the Tennessee tailback in the mid-'50s, he played at 162 pounds and led the team in rushing, passing and punting, played safety, was a unanimous All-America and second to Paul Hornung in the 1956 Heisman Trophy balloting.

The pilot turned the Piper north and west, sliding above threatening clouds and into open sky.

Recruiting, Majors said, is never easy, but the degree of difficulty varies. "At Iowa State they hadn't won in so long—

continued

THAT ORANGE SHIRT continued

a 2-8 record the year before I got there, no tradition, no enthusiasm. That first year we got nothing but nubs. We busted our tails for seconds and thirds. You'd talk to a kid and he'd look at his watch.

"Iowa got all the good state boys. We had to become a national institution to cope. I sent Joe Madden to Pennsylvania. I didn't know anything about Pennsylvania, but I sent him. Joe brought back a newspaper clipping. It said, 'Some schools soft-sell their program, but some don't. Iowa State sends in the Music Man—drums pounding, pamphlets flying around.'"

Majors leaned forward and slapped the armrest of the facing seat. "We had to be like that, like the Music Man. We had to do tap dances just to get their attention. We were living on air, fighting for our lives. Trying to outrecruit teams like Kansas State. But it was a good time to be in the Big Eight. I don't believe you ever knock the opposition; you praise what you've got. One year the Big Eight was 28-8 against outside opposition. I didn't have to say anything against Iowa or Michigan. I could say, 'You play in the Big Eight, you have a chance to play with the best.'"

"The second year we ran out of recruiting money while our guys were still on the road. I got my back up and said, 'Stay out. If we don't do it now, we'll never do it.' We spent \$15,000 over budget. Not much by Tennessee's standards, but Iowa State couldn't throw money around. We signed George Amundson, the quarterback from South Dakota. About five good players came out of South Dakota a year, and we had one of them. The third year we played Oklahoma to a standstill and lost 29-28. It made our program. The last two years we went to bowl games. Iowa State had never been to a bowl game."

Majors studied his list of recruits. Of the 28 who had signed Tennessee grants, 17 were from within the state. He said you could usually count on at least a dozen and no more than 25 good players a year in Tennessee, so it was necessary to mine the bordering states—Kentucky, for one—and to go into Pennsylvania and Ohio and east to the tidewater area of Virginia. The mathematics was inescapable: in Tennessee, 296 high schools field football teams. Pennsylvania has 567.

Franklin said they had just missed one hot number in West Virginia, a halfback who billed himself "Alexander the Greatest." Alexander, he said, had signed with West Virginia—in that state's Capitol Building with Governor John D. Rockefeller IV on hand.

Majors said he contacted some of those he had cultivated in Pittsburgh last fall. "I told them I wasn't about to bad-mouth Pitt, it's too good a school. But if they had a visit or two left, come down to Knoxville and see us."

"Most schools can give you a good education," Majors said. "Tennessee has fine engineering, medicine, business, law. But all things being equal, I think a kid wants to know he has a chance to play, maybe a chance to play for a championship. A successful recruiter doesn't lie. He accents the positive. At least I can tell them we're starting out in the middle instead of rock bottom. Tennessee hasn't had losing seasons; it just isn't satisfied to go 6-5."

The rental car that Robbie Franklin had ordered was not at the tiny airport in Bowling Green. Neither, however, was the snow. The storm had lifted and in its wake tem-

peratures had fallen. Robbie, scouting around the airport for a substitute vehicle, found a set of keys that had been turned in, but he couldn't find a car to fit the keys. "How do you like going first class?" Majors said.

The rental agency finally delivered a car from town, and Robbie took the wheel, heading south on Interstate 65 with his foot hard on the accelerator, hoping to regain some time. Majors laid his coat over the seat.

"I don't want a kid whose arm you have to twist," he said. "I want one who it means something to to wear that orange shirt. Even outside Tennessee, it means something. I didn't have that at Iowa State, and not much of it was left at Pitt, either, but I can appreciate the importance of it. I told the Tennessee players at our first meeting, 'It should mean a lot to you to play here, where there's tradition. That orange shirt means something to the great players who were here before you. Regardless of when we become champions, and I don't have any idea when that'll be, you can play like champions. Like Tennessee teams have played before. This is a fresh start.'"

He slapped the seat with his hand.

"That's why I say, 'Don't come here if it doesn't mean something.'"

He slapped the seat again.

"And that's why recruiting is so important in the fall, when you can bring a boy in on game day, let him hear the whooping and hollering. He has to think, 'Boy, I may be just another student on Friday, but on Saturday I'm special to a whole lot of folks.'"

We left the thundering interstate at the junction of State Road 100, a much narrower ribbon through blood-red strips of raw land opened for seed, and rode past glistening silos and crushed, beaten-looking farmhouses.

"I go into very few wealthy homes," Majors said. "I see kids who are hungry, who see football as a means—an education, a career. I don't like arrogance. If I see a father living his frustrations through his boy, or a boy trying to get a guarantee, I tell them, 'You have a chance,' period. Not many kids have their hands put, not as many as you'd think. But I've seen kids who were tickled to death to see you the first time, and two months later you had to crawl in there on your hands and knees."

The car passed quickly through downtown Franklin, pop. 6,500. A weather clock on an office building indicated it was 27°. In the open on the other side of town, the wind got up and shook the car.

"I've always enjoyed recruiting. I like the challenge of winning a boy," Majors went on, "the chance to look him in the eye, to communicate. They asked me at Iowa State, 'How are you going to deal with blacks?' I'd never played with blacks or coached them. I said, 'If they're men, I'll treat them like men. If they're kids, I'll treat them like kids. I'll treat them the way they want to be treated.'"

"Every recruit is not a man. We brought in that group four years ago at Pitt—blacks, whites, Polish kids, Italian kids, guys from the South, from the North. They weren't at all close. They were doubtful. Suspicious. We were tough on them at times. Four years later you never saw such respect and love among a group of young men. They'd have practiced till midnight if we'd asked them. They grew up. How much farther, Robbie? Hell, you said 30 minutes."

continued

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11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

"We're close, coach." Afraid he had passed the boy's house, Franklin had made a premature turn, became disoriented and was too embarrassed to confess. He kept driving, hoping for a familiar landmark.

Finally, he pulled off into a narrow dirt drive and came to a stop in front of a squat, cinder-block house the washed-out color of an underdeveloped sepia-tone photograph. No shrubbery enhanced the landscape. A solitary swing suspended between two barren trees turned slowly in the wind.

Donnie Evans' father met Majors at the door, a hulking, frowning figure with glasses thick as windshields over hollowed-out eyes. He was wearing green coveralls and was in his stocking feet and his graying hair was almost shaved, causing his bullet-shaped head to appear to thrust up from his shoulders.

Without fanfare, he invited Majors and Franklin inside, as if Coaches of the Year dropped by regularly, and turned down—but not off—the living-room television. A thick-set boy, wearing glasses indicating eyesight as poor as his father's, came out of the kitchen. The father introduced him as Buck, Donnie's brother, undoubtedly a relief to Majors, who took a chair under a large print of the *Last Supper*. On the opposite wall a 1977 calendar advised to "Insulate Now." The house had the pungent smell of raw sewage. The father explained that the pipes had frozen and the toilets were backed up.

Donnie, the father said, was still milking the cows "Buck'll get him," he said. Robbie Franklin followed Buck out the door.

Alone with Majors, the father said he had become an avid football fan since Donnie became a sports-page item. His own enthusiasm had surprised him. "I don't understand the game, but I watch it all the time." He said he even took a portable television to the barn on weekends to watch the games. "I been milking those bastards all my life," he said. "The least they can do is let me enjoy it once in a while."

They chatted amiably. The father said the family "didn't have to live in this dump, we got another place, a nicer one, not too far away," but it was a way to assure Donnie a better school district for his football. Abruptly, the father turned solemn. Tilting his head forward, he said earnestly, "Coach Majors, I think we got a problem. Woody Hayes was here last weekend and sold Donnie a bill of goods. I want him to go to Tennessee, but Donnie's like his mother. Every time he hears something new he changes his mind."

A flicker of surprise crossed Majors' face (he admitted later he was stunned by the finality of the news), but he spoke calmly. "I appreciate your telling me," he said.

Donnie himself led Buck and Robbie Franklin back into the living room. Even in stained work clothes he was plainly an athlete—powerfully built and lithe, with pleasant good looks; a protruding upper lip made him appear petulant. Brown curls spilled from a red-and-white cap he left on as he took a seat on a sofa, a vantage point from which he could see both the Tennessee couches and the television set. A Jerry Lewis movie had come on, apparently one the boy had missed. Even without the sound, and in the middle of talking, he seemed able to follow its progress.

Majors started slowly, making a conversation piece out of his winter travels. "I tried to get up here a couple times,

Donnie, but our schedules got fouled up. I think you couldn't make it the last time." Then he said how pleased he was that Donnie "had decided to come to Tennessee." The boy did not respond except to say he had made a last-minute trip to Auburn. Majors said he remembered Auburn as a place where there were always nice-looking girls.

"I felt like I was in heaven for two days," the boy said, releasing the television from his gaze and offering his first, small smile.

Majors carried the conversation, gradually saturating the room with the vitality of his personality. It nevertheless seemed clear enough that Donnie Evans had been sorely tempted by Ohio State. He was defensive on the subject of opportunity, of where a lineman might go "to get a pro offer." He said he had been led to believe Ohio State was such a place. He said he had been worried over "stories" about all the big defensive linemen Tennessee had signed.

Majors leaned forward. "Who? What big linemen?"

The only name the boy gave him drew a smile. "Yeah, that boy's from Ohio—and Ohio State didn't even try to get him," Majors said. "Listen, young man, competition will make you a better player and us a better team. Did you ever think of that? I don't think you're the type who's afraid of competition, are you?"

The boy said he wasn't. He shrank from the issue. His gaze wandered back to the television. "That Jerry Lewis is something else," he said.

The visit that Majors hoped would be brief dragged into the second hour. Majors glided effortlessly into a lighter pitch. He seemed genuinely baffled that the boy would consider backing out of his agreement with Tennessee. He said he thought Donnie must be "kidding," just "trying to make Coach Majors' hair gray." He pointed out that Tennessee needed big, quick linemen like Donnie Evans, that the need was "critical," that they were "counting on him," that he should remember the positives of playing "in your own backyard," where "we speak your brogue. Do they speak your brogue in Ohio?" He spoke of the pleasure of "getting in on the ground floor" of a building program. "We are undefeated, untied and unscored on—and we haven't won a game, either."

He pointed out how pleasant it is to have your friends come see you play, and to have your future formed "in your own backyard."

The boy looked up. "Coach Majors, that backyard is 200 miles from here."

"How far is it to Columbus?" Majors said.

The father laughed and slapped the knee of his coveralls. "He's got you there, Donnie."

The phone rang and Buck hopped up from his listening post in the kitchen to answer it.

"Wish I had money for every time that thing has rung lately," Donnie said.

The father, who had slipped out of the room, reappeared in a large yellowish cowboy hat, grossly oversized for his shaven head.

"Hey, that's all right," Majors said, brightening. "But, uh, it's the wrong color."

"Well, hell no, it's not, this is Vanderbilt's," the father boomed. "Now, here—" He peeled the hat away like the leaf of a giant artichoke, uncovering a second one of a deep-

continued

er orange shade. This hat had a "T" on the facing.

"Ah, that is the model," crooned Majors.

As if a switch had been thrown, the tension eased. The boy began to respond agreeably to injunctions and to ask questions. He asked if it were true that the pros "find you no matter where you play." "Of course," Majors said, "and do you think they'd pass up a school like Tennessee?"

Sensing the change, Majors wound down his argument: "We want you at Tennessee, Donnie, and we're counting on you. But I'll tell you one last thing. Once you get there, don't think you won't have problems. You'll have 'em. I did, everybody does. When you do, come see me. My office is always open. If it's something pressing, and I'm in a meeting, they'll call me out."

Donnie Evans remained noncommittal through the goodbyes. Majors told him Robbie Franklin would be over in the morning for the signing. The boy said he would "take the night to think about it." An Ohio State coach was supposed to come, too, he said.

Robbie Franklin seemed to breathe easier as he drove Majors back to Bowling Green. "I think you turned him around, coach," he said.

"Maybe. He seemed tuned out at the start."

"He doesn't think he's big enough."

Majors laughed. "Yeah, a kid 6' 4", 235, sees a kid 6' 6", 250 as a 'monster.' Donnie's plenty big enough."

"You like him?"

"Yes, I do. I think he may be a little wary of the competition, but, hell, so was I. I was petrified. He'll be fine once he gets to Tennessee. Don't lose him, now."

It was dark when the little Piper landed in Knoxville. Majors said he had eaten exactly two "soppers" with his family since they had moved into their new house—a 40-year-old colonial on 4½ acres in suburban Topsade—and now he had missed another.

The Hyatt Regency near the Tennessee campus in Knoxville is the spot to take a friend to dinner in that town, it being a house of class amenities and good food and where, in the dim light of the Volador restaurant, a man can get some privacy. Johnny Majors and his companion found a corner table. Almost immediately the manager and his wife dropped by

for a chat. Shortly after, a bottle of wine was sent over from another table.

"The job's a fishbowl," Majors said. "I'm not complaining, it just takes getting used to."

When he arrived from Pittsburgh in December, he said, *The Tennessean* in Nashville had begun a series on his life—eight columns across the first sports page. "What the heck's going on?" I thought. I was shocked. "A 40-page booklet, Majors of Tennessee, breathlessly written by F. M. Williams and Jeff Hanna of *The Tennessean*, was in its second printing. The disc jockeys were playing a number called *The Major Change* by a country-and-Western singer named Sue Roberts.

It was enough to make him think he deserved it, Majors said. "That's the danger—to think you've found Shangri-La. There is no Shangri-La. It's like Darrell Royal told me before I went to Iowa State: 'Johnny, if they didn't have problems, they wouldn't want you.'"

The problem Tennessee has is that it once had a coach named Bob Neyland, who in 21 years on the job averaged more than eight victories a year, an astonishing feat. Bill Battle, Majors' unfortunate predecessor, once said he had to "live up to Tennessee's standards, which is 10 wins a year." Battle overstated the figure but did not underestimate its portent.

Coaching the Tennessee Volunteers offers a man the fairly suffocating opportunity to have at his disposal a big state school budget, a big tradition, a big stadium, a rich and established recruiting program and an interested, mostly loving and fanatical populace.

In seven years as head coach, Bill Battle won more than 70% of his games—59 wins, 23 losses—and never had a losing season. In 1975, however, his team went 7-5 and last year 6-5 when, for the sixth year in a row, it was beaten by archrival Alabama. "The bottom line," said Tom Siler of the Knoxville News-Sentinel, "is Alabama."

For whatever reason—some speak of a disloyal coaching staff, others of poor recruiting ("Too many scrawny linemen")—Battle found himself in a Shangri-La gone berserk. After a season-opening loss to Duke, exterminators, sent by an unknown benefactor, showed up at Battle's office. A FOR SALE sign was hammered into his front lawn, a moving van was sent around to his house. Battle found himself apologizing to his red-faced secretary for the language used in

the mail and the phone calls he was receiving. Battle's "retirement"—at age 34—was speculated on, doubted and, finally, confirmed in November.

Losing—rather, not winning enough—is not just a matter of pride at a big school like Tennessee. It is a matter of economics, of protecting a vast investment. The Tennessee athletic program generates a whopping \$4.7 million a year. The football program provides all but about a quarter of that. Majors, who once made \$3,500 a year there as an assistant coach—he had to go to Mississippi State and an \$8,000-a-year job in order to afford marriage—will make \$75,000 a year for the next six. That figure includes a television deal.

Can it be worth it? Is there enough money in the world to make a man happy in an atmosphere of uncompromising expectation?

Johnny Majors laughed.

"I've always been my own worst critic," he said. "So who knows? I do know that where I've been has a lot to do with where I'm heading. I think it gives me the perspective I need. I know what Bob Dillon would tell me. Did I tell you about Bob Dillon?"

"Bob Dillon's about 72 now. A hell of a man. He was vice-president of KRNTV in Des Moines and on the Iowa State athletic board and the first person I met at the airport when I went to be interviewed. He was wearing a tuxedo, probably from a banquet or something. He said, 'We always meet our head coaches in tuxedos at Iowa State.'"

"Dillon could see how miserable I was. He said, 'Young man, do you realize you're being offered \$100,000?' I knew I was being offered \$20,000 for five years, but I never quite saw it as a lump sum. He said, 'Do you realize how much money that is?' I said, 'No, I guess not.' He said, 'Young man, if you don't take a chance, you'll never know what you can do.' He quoted Shakespeare—'There's a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood...' and so on. He always gave me that one, and he'd give it to me now."

"You can't get too filled with yourself when you've experienced what I have. *Playboy* said we'd lose eight games. Another magazine picked us as 'The Failure of the Year.' We took copies of those magazines around to the fraternity houses and the dorms and waved them at those kids and said, 'This is what people are reading about you. Is that the way

you want to be remembered 20 years from now?" I doubt they understood me, with my brogue and the way I mumble, but what the heck, it was fun.

"The thing is, you can't worry all the time about the first play you're going to run in a game. You got to have some fun. There wasn't anything we didn't try, at Iowa State or at Pitt. We got them to move lockers around, for privacy, and put carpet on the concrete floors, and paint the stadium. We got cars for the coaches and a steer or two for the training table. We had meetings just to discuss the colors of the uniforms. At Iowa State we got rid of those drab-colored pants and put the kids in white, and added Green Bay stripes. Players are your best ambassadors, and they deserve good food and good equipment, but they also want to look good.

"We heard the students sat on their hands at Iowa State, and at the first game, there were more people out hunting than there were in the stands. Three years later they were in that stadium shoulder to shoulder every Saturday at 12:30, an hour and a half before game time. They'd stand and they'd roar and roar and roar. Eddie Crowder [of Colorado] said it was the best enthusiasm in the Big Eight. The place only sat 30,000, but it sounded like three times that.

"When we left Iowa State, my wife Mary Lynn said, 'You'll never have a more rewarding experience than this,' and she was right.

"But it's like Dillon said—the tide was right. We wound up loving Pittsburgh just as much. I never thought I'd like a big city, but I did. We had tickets to the ballet, to the symphony. Mary Lynn got them for both of us, and I'd go. I suppose I averaged three out of 10."

Even the struggle for attendance, never ending in a town with beloved professional teams, had been fun, he said.

"Did I tell you about the flags? Last year we beat Notre Dame and Georgia Tech our first two games, both on the road and, sonofagun, we come back home and we only draw 38,500 for Temple. I said the heck with this. We're going for No. 1, we got the best player in the world [Tony Dorsett], we got to have more enthusiasm than this.

"I went on TV, I said, 'We ought to have more fun at Pitt. We aren't always going to look like champions; sometimes we'll look like Ned and the first primer, but we ought to have some fun.'"

continued



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THAT ORANGE SHIRT continued

"And I told them my idea about the flags. I wanted them to wave green flags for 'go' when we were on offense, red flags for 'stop' when we were on defense. Like the Stop-N-Go stores. I wanted a new cheer for Dorsett, and a higher stand for the cheerleaders to stomp around on, and a guy on the mike getting people riled up. And I wanted those flags."

"We called Stop-N-Go. They said, sure, we could have the flags in a couple of weeks. I said, 'Heck, we need them *Friday*.' Henry Lee called all over the state, trying to find some cloth to make the flags. Finally, he found some. In Altoona. Huge bolts of red and green cloth. He had to send a truck to get it—\$2,000 worth of cloth. I still don't know how we justified that one."

"We got a whole bunch of people in there to help, and we cut the cloth in shifts into little flags. And on Saturday we had them all passed out for the Louisville game."

"It rained like the devil and we only had 34,000 people there."

Majors laughed, and then, after a long pause, grew thoughtful. Admittedly, he said, at Tennessee the seats do not need filling. Every game is a sellout. In 1976 the Vols were the third-largest draw in the country, behind Michigan and Ohio State. The team's uniforms are fine, even beautiful. There is no need to scurry around trying to con some beef for the training table or cars for his coaches or cheers into the throats of partisans.

"But I'll find something to have fun with," Majors said. "I haven't been here long enough to know the problems, but there are always problems. The challenge right now is to build a team back to the championship level. Maybe that'll be fun enough. Tennessee hasn't won a national championship in 26 years. It hasn't won the SEC in seven. I think the people can be realistic about that."

"I sure didn't come here to be run off. Or to die on the vine. And I didn't come here to prove anything to Tennesseans. This is home, and I've got roots, but we made homes in Ames, Iowa, and Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania, too. I won't be changing my personality. I'm here as much for my fulfillment as I am for Tennessee's."

"I'll have certain goals. I always have. I doubt, for example, that I could have left Pittsburgh if we hadn't beaten Penn State last year. I had a thing about beating Joe Paterno, and finally we did. Like Bob Dillon said, 'You don't play Willie Hoppe, you shoot pool.' We shot pool last year and beat them pretty good."

"The thing is, I'm here now, and I hope the tide was right. It's going to be very interesting."

His secretary had left a note on Majors' desk the next morning. It read: "Coach Franklin called Donnie Evans signed. Coach Franklin wanted you to know your talk had a great bearing on our being able to sign him."

"I think Robbie's looking for a raise," Majors said, grinning so that he exposed the space between his front teeth of his ruddy farmer's face. END

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HOT STUFF

Sir:

I must say that learning of Alabama's 5'9" dunker (*Dunkers Are Strutting Their Stuff*, March 14) raised my spirits to all-time highs. I am 14 years old, 5'9" tall and play basketball. One of my fondest dreams is of the day when, before a standing-room-only crowd, I can do a 360, double-pump and brite the rim.

I practice my form on doors, windowsills, 9-foot Jr. Pro League goals and anything else I can possibly slam a basketball over, including people. When that magical moment comes when I find myself soaring through the wild blue yonder looking down upon the horror-stricken countenance of my opponent, while surveying that no longer formidable iron hoop, I'm going to know just what to do. And when that moment comes, look out, 'cause I ain't comin' down without the rim!

LEE COOV
Eldeorado, Ill.

Sir:

When I was a freshman at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy in 1967, a friend and I entered the gym for a game of one-on-one and found that the portable goal had been moved under the overhanging balcony to make room for a dance. Because the goal had been tilted, the rim was approximately 7 feet off the floor. Both of us realized that the opportunity of a lifetime was staring us in the face. Playing "possession," my opponent stuffed three straight. On his fourth possession I tipped the ball as he drove and grabbed it directly under the basket. My adrenaline pumped furiously, for I knew I was about to do what I had only dreamed of. I slammed it through as my forehead met the rim. The feeling was worth all 37 stitches.

JOHN MURPHY
Millsville, Md.

Sir:

Because of the dunk and the increase in broken rims in playgrounds, kids are being deprived of the opportunity to play basketball. These rims are not replaced immediately as they do in the pros or colleges, but more like six months later if you're lucky.

DAN SULLIVAN
Honolulu, Hawaii

Sir:

In his last paragraph Barry McDermott reveals his ignorance of the sport of power volleyball by implying that volleyball players are only "tippers." If he had ever observed a serious power volleyball match he would have seen that volleyball players also rank with "... those who can fly in the sky." Pounding an overhead spike down the near sideline in-

side the 10-foot line, over an 8-foot net and over two or three blockers sounds like flying in the sky to me.

Not only are power volleyball players of the U.S. Volleyball Association offended but also I'm sure Wilt Chamberlain, former King of Dunk, is offended, too; The Solt "flies in the sky" in the U.S. professional volleyball league now.

CHRIS W. HYVONEN
Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

Your article on dunking was a great staff.
BOB DOWNES
Hampden, Mass.

THE CAUTION PHENOMENON

Sir:

It is my opinion that you are heaping too much praise on Jockey Steve Caution (*This Could Be the Start*, March 7). How much skill does it take to ride a horse faster than another horse? Is one jockey that much better than another? I am a member of the Ardenheim Horseman's Association and I firmly believe that the race depends on the quality of the horses involved, not the jockeys.

HOMER HINKLE
Portstown, Pa.

Sir:

There is an amazing resemblance between Steve Caution, the young man who expresses himself in relatively few words, and another sportsman who is far more loquacious. Add a few wrinkles, a widened face resulting from the jowls of age and thinning of hair and you have Howard Cosell in racing silks!

MARY BRANER
Wayne, Neb.



BEST ROOKIES

Sir:

I feel Adrian Dantley is definitely the best rookie in the NBA today (*Finding a Home with the Braves*, March 14). But then you list *Nine More Good Ones* and none of them are even close to "good" compared to the Atlanta Hawks' Armond Hill, whom you do not mention.

DAVID WHITEHEAD
Maretta, Ga.

Sir:

Scott May is just now reaching full strength after his bout with mononucleosis. He has improved offensively and held stars like Rick Barry and Julius Erving well under their averages. His clutch play has been instrumental in the Bulls' recent improvement. He should be given serious consideration as Rookie of the Year.

BOB DE PRIMA
Chicago

Sir:

You failed to mention Wally Walker of the Portland Trail Blazers. It should be only a matter of time before he achieves superstar status.

MERRIS HOLLINGSWORTH
EMILY MURRAY
Roanoke, Va.

Sir:

You've got to be kidding. Not putting the New York Knicks' Lonnie Shelton among the *Nine More Good Ones*? He gives you 100% every time he goes out on the floor. He can score, rebound, block shots, intimidate, set picks and a lot more. Shelton is going to be a superstar.

ROBERT TEDENICH
Island Trees, N.Y.

MOOD INDIGO

Sir:

If Tom Lasorda's Dodgers (*An Infusion of Fresh Dodge-Blue Blood*, March 14) are supposed to win their division and even the National League, they have to remember one thing: They'll have to face the Big Blue Machine in the World Series—the Kansas City Royals.

JOHN CORN
Springfield, Mo.

Sir:

Lasorda may bleed Dodge blue now, but at the end of the season he'll bleed red—Cincinnati Red.

GREG WILSON
Milford, Ohio

Sir:

When Tommy Lasorda instills that Blue-blood loyalty in Dodge newcomers Rick Monday, Reggie Smith and Dusy Baker, the

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

rest of baseball is going to start bleeding yellow. For scared?

MARK WARNEKE
Torrence, Calif.

FED-UP FANS

Sir:

The main reason the NHL and the WHA and all the other major leagues are in trouble is because players insist on being paid salaries in the millions. The Cleveland situation, which Peter Gammons explained so well (Cleveland's Not Bored, March 7), is no different. The one thing the players wouldn't do was take a pay cut. Sooner or later they're going to have no choice because the fans are sick of it and will attend fewer games. If this happens, the million-dollar players will be lucky to get one-sixth of their salaries.

BRIAN BONDY
Houston

OUT IN THE COLD

Sir:

I wish that I had read Bill Gilbert's article on winter camping (*Facing Old King Cold*, March 14) before I hit the trail for my first winter trip last month. I did not realize how hard it would be to keep the water supply unfrozen and that it would definitely be quite uncomfortable to don a pair of frozen hiking boots the next morning. I figured that if I wore a few layers of the warmest clothing I owned, I'd be all right. In less than a mile of walking, I was sweating profusely. I shall be better prepared next time.

KENNETH LOPHEZ
Hamden, Conn.

TRUST PAYS

Sir:

I had never bet on a horse before, but I couldn't wait for *Trusty Time* (SCORECARD, March 7) to appear in New York. Sure enough, in his first race at Roosevelt Raceway he went by two lengths, paying \$13.20. I hope our Amish farmer got his money's worth from the horse trader. In the meantime, I am saving my \$13.20 until something else as interesting comes up in a future issue.

KEN BUEHLER
Flushing, N.Y.

BONER ERROR

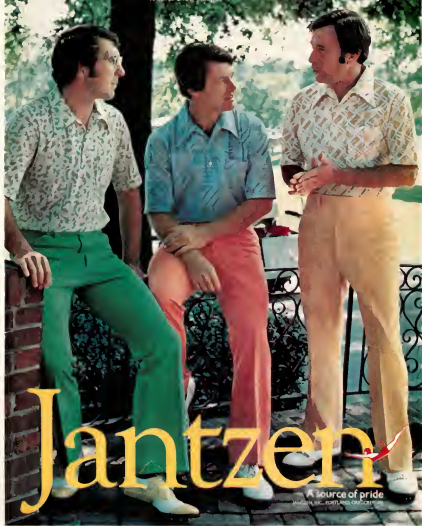
Sir:

You say (SCORECARD, March 14) that Fred Merkle's famous boner occurred in the 1908 World Series. Not true. It occurred in a September 1908 regular-season contest with the Chicago Cubs and forced a play-off for the National League crown, which the Cubs won. The Cubs then proceeded to defeat the Detroit Tigers in the Series.

KENNETH R. SCHNEIDCHIL
Cleveland

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

Three For The Money. The look of success in golf is Jantzen. Because the 3 Under collection is designed for men who are particular about their game and their appearance. That's why you'll find Hale Irwin, Tom Watson and Dave Marr in Jantzen. It suits their image.

A color photograph of three men in mid-1980s golf attire. The man on the left is seated on a brick wall, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with a small floral pattern and bright green trousers. The man in the center is seated on a black metal fence, wearing a light blue short-sleeved shirt and bright pink trousers. The man on the right is standing, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with a geometric pattern and tan trousers. They are all looking towards the right. The background shows green foliage and a brick wall.

Jantzen

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Shopwalk

by NANCY McKEON

ENDANGERED SPECIES GET NEW LIFE IN GLASS, EARTHENWARE AND SILVER

Sometimes there seem to be almost as many Funds and Institutions and Societies out to save our endangered species as there are threatened animals themselves. In return for your contribution they offer something beyond a tax deduction, something solid that you can wear, hold, display or sip from. And if their efforts fail to save the oryx or black-footed ferret, at the very least you and your children will know what they looked like.

The Whale Protection Fund offers reasonably priced gift items to raise money for the preservation of these grand mammals. A nine-inch stoneware whale sculpture, hand-cast and glazed, costs \$22 (plus \$1.35 postage), and there are "Gentle Giant" T shirts depicting the humpback variety in natural or sky blue cotton. Children's sizes cost \$4.95, the adults' \$5.95 (postage, 5.75 each). Order from The Whale Protection Fund, c/o Cen-

ter for Environmental Education, 2100 M St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

The National Audubon Society, in its efforts to save anything sporting a wing and a song, is offering for the third year a limited-edition Bavarian crystal plate engraved with an endangered American bird. This year's peregrine falcon is one of a projected series of eight and costs \$195 (plus \$3 postage) from Audubon Crystal Ltd., 180 Hills Point Rd., Westport, Conn. 06880. Thirty dollars of that price buys a sustaining membership and a subscription to Audubon magazine.

The Friends of the Earth Collection of American Wildlife offers a similar membership/gift opportunity of Swedish earthenware renderings of the banded seal, black-footed ferret and other beasts at \$29.50 each. Order from Friends of the Earth Collection, P.O. Box 5093, Westport, Conn. 06880.

Bifling its contribution to conservation as the "gift of all outdoors," another environmental group has etched its rare and endangered species in sets of six glasses, \$13.80 the set, postage included. Order from the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Perhaps the most prestigious conservation gift currently available is a bowl offered in cooperation with The World Wildlife Fund. Fashioned from solid silver, the bowl is decorated with five plaques depicting endangered animals—the cheetah, Indian rhinoceros, Arabian oryx, polar bear and tiger—all modeled by the chief craftsman of the British Royal Mint. Each silver bowl costs \$998 and can be ordered from The Tryon Gallery Ltd., 41/42 Dover St., London, W1X 3RB, checks payable to The Wildlife Silver Bowl.

Had there been an American Museum of Natural History 140 million years ago, the passing of the Brontosaurus might have been mourned with a commemorative cave painting. As things stand, the 70-foot-long, 30-ton herbivorous dinosaur is available now, in a swirl of Swedish crystal. From an edition of 10,000 pieces, the seven-inch-long sculpture celebrating Beauty costs \$77.50 and is available on order from Natural History Sculptures, Dept. G-250, Box 5123, Des Moines, Iowa 50340.

Varied and, for the most part, reasonably priced, any of these gifts enable one to do something for endangered wildlife. **END**

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Yesterday

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

IN THE '20s, STUNT FLYERS HAD A HIGH OLD TIME TILL JUST BEFORE THE CRASH

In 1920 young Americans attended all-night parties, drank bootleg gin and danced in a manner described by one religious journal as "impure, polluting, corrupting and debasing." Fresh from the horrors and excitement of World War I, they were wriggling free from the cocoon of Victorian conformity. And like any self-respecting new butterflies, they were taking to the air.

Getting to fly had never been—and never again would be—easier. For as little as \$100, an enterprising pilot could go into business with a war-surplus Jenny (Curtiss JN-4D), a flimsy wooden biplane with cloth-covered wings held together with a cat's cradle of piano wire. It was powered by an asthmatic engine generally referred to as "a bunch of parts flying in formation." In no time barnstorming flyers began appearing at county fairs and in cow pastures all across the nation.

A gypsy pilot played the dual roles of showman and chauffeur. A typical exhibition began with simple aerial tricks like loops and rolls, then progressed to more daring feats like spinning nose dives. By the completion of the aerobatics, the spectators, now confident of the aircraft and the aviator, were ready to risk a flight in the plane's front cockpit. Each ride cost \$5 (a full day's pay for a workman of the time) and took only a few minutes, but the exhilaration, especially for children, often lasted a lifetime: the sudden buoyant freedom, the rush of oil-tainted wind, the astonishing panorama of farmland and sky and the rough bounces punctuating a return to reality.

The sustained urman, clad in khaki, leather and cocky self-insurance, instantly became a local celebrity, particularly among the female population. Flamboyant Whitey Whittall, for example, collected so many girl friends that he named his plane "After You." However, the roving life entailed predictable discomfort, such as sleeping on hay bales and wash-

ing in gas stations, as well as some unforeseen adversities. Legend has it that Charles Lindbergh (called "The Flyin' Fool" in his vagabond days) awoke in a Midwestern field one morning to discover that a cow had spent most of the night licking the stiffening chemical off his plane's linen wings, transforming them into a rack of wet laundry.

Many flyers, weary of going it alone, engaged a wing walker for companionship and to add a spectacular new dimension to their shows. Wing walking originated in 1917 when Signal Corps trainee Ormer Locklear, flying over his unit's airfield, hauled himself out of the cockpit to disentangle his radio antenna from a bracing wire. Locklear's superiors were unamused by his stunt, and when he returned to his seat the first dots and dashes heard over his radio read, "Locklear U R grounded."

Soon hundreds of acrobats were clamoring over wings and fuselages with similar agility. Simple gymnastics—headstands and cartwheels—quickly led to more outrageous efforts.

One wing walker, wearing buckskins, beads and hair three feet long, was billed as "Bellowing Moose. Fearless Sioux Warrior." He knotted his locks around the spreader bar separating the landing wheels, let go of the bar and hung like a salami. His pilot warned, "One day this act is gonna be Sioux-icide." The prediction almost came true in Oklahoma on a damp summer day in 1920 when the knot slipped, dropping Bellowing Moose 75 feet into Lake of the Cherokees, of all places.

Other stunt men explored novel methods of boarding and deplaning. On May 16, 1920 at Coronado Beach, Calif., Clyde "Upsidedown" Pangborn, a star pilot with the Gates Flying Circus, attempted to climb from the rear deck of a speeding automobile up a rope ladder dangling from a plane overhead. The ladder flurried with Pangborn's outstretched fingertips, dropped into his grip and yanked him into the air. Immediately losing hold, he bounced and rolled over the packed sand at 65 mph. Pangborn lived to fly again, but he had split his breastbone, broken his left wrist and both shoulders, dislocated a hip and damaged several vertebrae.

The following year, Pangborn's buddy Wesley May fared better doing a new stunt up the coast at Long Beach. May achieved the first in-flight refueling in

history. No umbilical hose was needed, because he simply strapped a five-gallon can of gasoline to his back, crawled from the wing of a Standard J-1 to the wing of a Jenny and dumped the gas into the Jenny's tank.

May also displayed his nerve and artistic flair by roller-skating on the top wing of a Standard before sweeping off into a parachute jump. The primitive parachutes of the era were both unreliable and uncontrollable—not much safer than jumping out of a midtown Hilton with a firm grip on your bed sheets. May's luck ran out May 21, 1922 in San Francisco when a runaway chute carried him into a cemetery, where he suffered a fatal collision with a tombstone.

The aerial lunacy reached its peak late in 1926 when 20-year-old Roy Ahern celebrated his wedding by planning a cookout at Cocoa Beach, Fla.—with himself as the main course. Ahern ran ignition wires into gunpowder sacks tied to the sides of his plane, doused the aircraft with 35 gallons of gasoline and crude oil and took off with the intention of igniting the gunpowder just before bailing out.

Viewed by an army of thrill seekers, Ahern guided his flying tinderbox to 1,200 feet, where he set it ablaze. But he had difficulty pulling the entrée off the grill, because his parachute lines were wrapped around the plane's controls. Coolly freeing each strand, he leaped through the flames to safety as the plane began its fiery descent toward a crash in the ocean. Upon landing, he found that his horror-stricken bride had fainted on the beach. Ahern, with a true daredevil's incomprehension of his own mortality, shrugged his shoulders and strolled off to retrieve his chute.

Although Ahern's act was a surefire crowd pleaser, the novelty of pure theatrics began to wear thin. Commercial aviation was blossoming with the development of fixed-base operations. New federal regulations limited stunt flying, and many planes, as tired as old circus animals, had to be scrapped.

By 1928, after a decade of stunting and passenger carrying, the gypsy pilots had no customers left. Everybody, it seems, had been taken for a ride. "When we buzz over now, even the cows don't look up," said Whittall after his final cross-country foray. "Guess people are ready for something different. Thanks to us, they already know how to fly." **END**

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This is amply illustrated in the BMW 320i. A car the editors of Motor Trend magazine describe as being "...with the driver all the way, always an ally,

never an antagonist."

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Noticeably absent in a BMW 320i is the frightening realization—usually discovered midway through a long sweeping curve or while avoiding a hazard—that you are not master of your machine.

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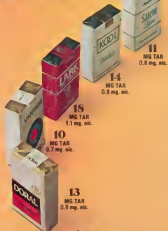
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